

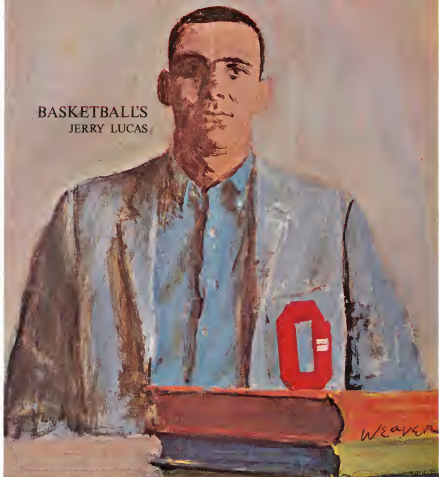
SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 8, 1962

25 CENTS

BASKETBALL'S
JERRY LUCAS



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leave
it to
the
girls...



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Note: These "Memo to Advertisers" pages appear only in the copies of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** that go to our friends in the advertising business

January 8, 1962

MEMO TO ADVERTISERS

From L. L. Callaway Jr.

Precisely two years ago this week, I greeted you jubilantly at the threshold of what people who ought to know termed "the Sizzling Sixties."

Somehow, those Sixties, like some 8:11's from Westport, had a tough time getting out of the New Haven yards, hit icing at South Norwalk, came up with a hot box at Stamford and stalled somewhere short of Woodlawn Cemetery. (Overheard at lunch: "Last year business was so bad that even the people who don't pay their bills weren't buying.")

But finally the Sixties seem to have gotten up a full head of steam. As I have frequently done on occasions such as this one, I call upon our sister publication, **Fortune**, to help me as I greet New Year 1962 with heightened confidence and joy. Says **Fortune** in January's Business Roundup:



"The New Year opens with industry raising production and increasing inventory and with heavy buying of cars, homes, machinery, and armaments. The rate of G.N.P. has already risen \$36 billion in the past three quarters, and fed again by all the forces in the economy, it will advance another \$24 billion through the spring. By then the rate of G.N.P. will be over \$565 billion (in today's prices), 12 per cent higher than last winter's low, and fully 18 per cent higher than the national output of 1957...

"...Thus national output over the next eighteen months will

(continued on other side)

(continued from preceding page)

leave well in its wake the performance of the last 'prosperity' period of 1959-1960." * * *

My euphoria about the New Year's prospects has been bolstered by some extremely pleasant developments in our own bailiwick—namely '62 orders! In December, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED racked up its all-time record for incoming orders for the New Year—\$2 million worth of advertising contracts in just 2 weeks! It was a multi-million dollar investment by you in the year ahead, which promises to be as exciting a year in the enjoyable business of sport as it does in the more exacting sport of business."

*Incidentally, while I'm wistfully tossing millions around, this issue (Jan. 8) is the first on our new 1,000,000-circulation rate base.

Anyway, that's why this cold January, I feel SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is now hotter than at any time during our seven years. To quote a well-known Dartmouth poet, Richard Hovey, "Here by the fire we defy frost and storm."

And if 1962 looks great, the rest of the decade looks even greater.

For the latest facts on the economy corroborate once more a recurring theme of mine, to wit, that increased discretionary time and money have given the nation's mode of living a brand new basis. You may have heard my favorite business leader, Roy Larsen, when he said in his recent address to the ANA at Hot Springs: "It is the direction and momentum of change, more than present affluence, or present power, or present standards, that best define a civilization."

A circular from the Chase Manhattan Bank which came across my desk amidst the Christmas cards a few weeks ago emphasizes this direction and momentum:

"Americans are devoting more time and money to leisure activities than ever before. Conservative figures total \$45 billion annually, and some estimates are more than half again as large.

"Active participation in sports has risen to all-time records. More people have both the energy and the need for physical exercise during leisure hours. The move to the suburbs has also encouraged interest in sports...Suburbanites spend twice the average on sports equipment."

To quote myself in my last memo, "Success in advertising and selling, as we all know, frequently comes from recognizing a strong trend and going with it." * * *

On Tuesday, December 5th, many of us were guests at what is fast becoming one of the finest of all such typically American functions, the National Football Foundation and Hall of Fame dinner. Physical fitness was the theme of the main speaker of the evening, John F. Kennedy, who among other things is a former jayvee halfback and a contributing author to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

Said the President, "My election was similar to the Notre Dame-

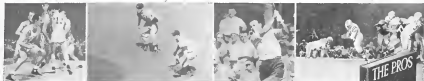
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A new kind of enjoyment for the follower of Sports

This is a special invitation for the man with a love of sports in his veins—the enthusiastic follower of big stadium events through every season of the year. Here is a new pleasure for your leisure hours... a new way to increase your enjoyment and appreciation of every major sport... to get to know the stars of sport, learn what makes them tick!... to see the world of the pros from the inside... to become an "expert" on the fine points of strategy and play. It's a great idea in reading entertainment for men—brought to you by the new SPORTS BOOK LEAGUE. Read the introductory membership offer below.



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THE SPORTS BOOK LEAGUE

The Book Club for Real Sport Fans

Now for the first time—the world of big league sports is brought to you in the depth and detail you've always wanted—through a new book club planned just for you. The Sports Book League selects each month—at low members' prices—the most exciting, most talked-about new books by or about the celebrities of baseball, football, basketball, boxing, hockey, golf—every major game.

These books give you a broad knowledge of sports... their colorful personalities... the great teams... the hundreds of action that bring roaring crowds to their feet... in a way that the daily sport page has neither the time nor space to give you. You get the kind of revealing, stimulating talk you would hear in the famous training quarters—in the clubhouse—in a champion's living room. Here is that "extra dimension" that can multiply your enjoyment of every sport event you watch.

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Selections of The Sports Book League are of permanent interest and value. They add up to a magnificent reading and reference library of sports which you will be proud to display—and which you will use to settle arguments that arise when real sport devices get together.

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THE LONG COUNT

Get the story from the man himself! Read his own version of his classic Philadelphia career. From "Seven on," the greatest of the World Series with Earl Harris, learn about Philadelphia's greatest player. From "Seven on," the greatest of the World Series with Earl Harris, learn about Philadelphia's greatest player. From "Seven on," the greatest of the World Series with Earl Harris, learn about Philadelphia's greatest player.



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The World of John Lardner. Ed by Roger Kahn. The greatest of the World Series with Earl Harris, learn about Philadelphia's greatest player. From "Seven on," the greatest of the World Series with Earl Harris, learn about Philadelphia's greatest player.

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☐ World of John Lardner (4) ☐ World of Steve Carlton (5) ☐ World of Nolan Ryan (6)
☐ Baseball in America (7) ☐ The Long Count (8) ☐ The Pros (9)

If I am delighted with the books, I will keep them and pay only \$1.99 plus shipping. My selection (if any) will be one of the four of the selections or alternates to be offered by the Club during the coming year. I will keep the book I like best. I will keep the book I like best. I will keep the book I like best.

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1-561 Offer good in Continental U.S.A. only

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for good grooming

After Shave Lotion • Pre-Electric Shave Lotion • Cologne
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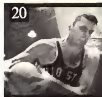
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Artist Marc Simon demonstrates in six pages of sprightly sketches that the people who go to boat shows are even more fascinating than the glittering new boats they go to see.

Of all the cities in the U.S., none has received more lavish praise than San Francisco. Now a droozler appears who says loudly "No! The city on the Bay is not big league!"

John Zimmerman's camera shares a goalie's net to provide remarkable hockey pictures as Reporter Dave Anderson takes a closeup look at the new Ranger coach, Doug Harvey.





You can take a friend along

Now, take your Alka-Seltzer along in the new foil-wrapped pack. Each tablet is sealed in foil, instantly ready to relieve headache and upset stomach wherever you may be. Packed 12 individually foil-wrapped tablets in a box.



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Thanks.

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Award yourself the look of a perpetual vacationer. Ultra-violet rays from a new General Electric Sunlamp will give you a handsome, healthy-looking tan—head to toe, if you wish. You'll avoid sunburn when you do go South or when hot weather comes.

This convenient escape from winter-time pallor now costs only \$9.95, lowest price in four years. G-E Sunlamp fits ordinary AC sockets. Or get a complete kit (below) with an adjustable holder you can clamp above a shaving mirror or dressing table. Complete kit, only \$12.95.



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GENERAL ELECTRIC

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED JANUARY 8, 1962

SCORECARD

THE PRICE OF INDIGNATION

Attendance at most major Thoroughbred racetracks was higher than ever in 1961. An exception was Tropical Park in Coral Gables, Fla. During the first half of its current 43-day meeting, attendance fell off by 8% and betting was off 6% compared with last year.

"It is clearly an economic condition, nothing else," says Saul Silberman, president of Tropical Park. But the economic condition that he blames seems not to have affected most other tracks. The mutual handle at the nearby Flagler dog track is up 7%.

Perhaps other things are responsible. Silberman raised admission prices for the grandstand from \$1.75 to \$2, increased the cost of parking from \$1 to \$1.50 and, most significantly, upped the traditional Daily Double bet from \$2 to \$3. Silberman should recognize that bettors are peculiar people—or they probably wouldn't be bettors at all. They'll bet any money they happen to have or can raise on what they think is a good bet. But they'll back away like frightened deer from anything they don't like. We think they don't like Tropical's increased costs, and we think it's a good sign. Sport is famous for kicking the feathers off the goose that lays the golden eggs. It's pleasant to see the goose strike back once in a while.

BELLS ARE RINGING

Nobody needed to send to Australia last week to know for whom the bell tolled at Kooyong Stadium in Melbourne, it tolled for amateur tournament tennis and the din was deafening. One Australian newspaper described the straight-sets defeat of Nicola Pietrangeli and Orlando Sirola in the Davis Cup Challenge Round as a farce, and the word was apt for all amateur championship tennis at this point. Of the world's so-called "amateurs" Rod Laver, Roy Emerson and Neale Fraser, who won so effortlessly at Melbourne, are probably the only three left whose games can be considered of championship caliber. One has already retired, and the other two are making

plans to sign with the pros. How long after that will the dehard opponents of open tennis go on arranging and organizing national and international "championships" with no champions to play in them? If Melbourne proved anything last week, it proved that the time for open tennis is long past due. Gentlemen, the bell is ringing, and it's for you.

SMALL MAN

A lot of people are going to be surprised to learn that our Sportsman of the Year, Jerry Lucas (see page 22), is not as tall as Wilt Chamberlain. When Lucas was in high school in Middletown, Ohio, he was 6 feet 7½. As his reputation grew, the nation's press apparently decided he should grow, too. "Lucas is 6 feet 9," said an Ohio paper. "He's 6 feet 9½," said the Associated Press. "Six feet 10," said *The New York Times*. "Seven feet," said a Midwest paper. "It was ridiculous," says Jerry Lucas, who has often appeared to opponents to be seven feet tall but is still 6 feet 7½ and isn't likely to grow any more.

THE INSIDE TRACK

• Boston boxing promoters are trying to build up a St. Patrick's Day fight between old Archie Moore and Tom McNeeley. Part of the buildup will be a January 22 bout between McNeeley and one of his recent sparring partners, Don Prout, for the vacated New England heavyweight championship.

• If the American Football League should fold, the National Football League probably would move the Pittsburgh Steeler franchise into Houston and the St. Louis Cardinal franchise into New Orleans.

• At least two teams, Hawaii and San Francisco, will drop out of the new American Basketball League at the end of this season. Hawaii is not making money, and travel to Hawaii is costing the other seven teams in the league considerable sums.

• Avelino Gomez, the 33-year-old jockey who recently moved his tack from Canada to Florida, will shortly be riding even more winners than he has in his

first three weeks in this country (15 winners in 80 mounts). Gomez recently has obtained the services of Agent Goldie Mitchell, who was responsible to a large degree for the successes of Ted Atkinson and John Ruane.

MEN OF TREES

As small boys of all ages know, there is a tiny corner of England called Sherwood Forest. Here, for centuries, a fine stand of English oak concealed fine English stags who were pursued at one time by a band of fine English brigands led by Robin Hood. Now, hark you, some knave has said that the English oak is too weak and puny, and that the Queen's foresters should march into Sherwood Forest and plant American oaks instead.

But England has a worthy champion in Sir Shane Leslie, a veray purfit knight who leads a battle group called The Men of Trees. Sir Shane is something of a tradition himself, having been around



for some 76 summers; but apparently he feels his work has just begun.

"Let us plant an English oak and an American one side by side," he thundered last week, "and in 500 years we will know which is the better." Someone suggested that the enemy might not be willing to wait that long. "Precisely," countered Sir Shane, "they know only too well that time is on my side."

THE TEMPLE REOPENS

After 910 days without those real, vital and elusive qualities that make up palship, New York's sporting and theatrical crowds moved "back" last week to the new \$3.5-million Toots Shor res-

continued



Bart Starr puts grease on his face...

Blackened grease under each eye cuts down glare, helps Green Bay's top-notch quarterback find his man with a sizzling pass. But when Bart Starr looks for a hair tonic—no greasy kid-stuff for him. He goes for Vitalis® with V-7®, the remarkable new greaseless grooming discovery. Vitalis does



but never on his hair!

(Vitalis keeps his hair neat all day without grease)

everything you want a hair tonic to do. It fights embarrassing dandruff, prevents dryness, and best of all, keeps your hair neat all day without grease. Try the Vitalis "60-Second Workout." Your scalp will feel great, your hair will look great. Get Vitalis with V-7 today!



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL, MAINE

restaurant on 52nd Street between Sixth and Fifth avenues within—as somebody said—“spitting distance of ‘21’.”

The opening-day crowd was virtually the same as the closing-day crowd that said goodbye to “the old joint” in June of 1959. Jackie Gleason, with a red boutonniere, was there; Whitey Ford, “a 25-game crum-bum,” was there; Yogi Berra was there; Albie Sherman and his football Giants were there. There were minks and finks, flacks and hacks and off-Broadway actresses who will never get off off-Broadway. Everyone, it seems, was there, lured to the new temple by the exotic incense of the Shor personality.

Artistically, the new Shor's is exactly like the old Shor's. The main bar is “the meeting place” and, like the proprietor, it is round, loud and right in the middle of everything. The old gang was happy to be jostled, insulted and slapped by Shor, to be overlooked by the head-waiter and served by the revered bartenders—Eddie, Frank, Bob and Ziggy. No one really knows where Eddie and Frank and Bob and Ziggy have been for the last two years, but it was suggested that Shor farmed them out and had them on 24-hour recall all the time.

Everything was the same, even Shor, who at one point walked to the bar, beat his fist on it four times for quiet and shouted, “How lucky can you be, to be in here with me, you lucky, creepy bums.”

SLIPPERY BUSINESS

Last week Toronto's influential newspaper *The Globe and Mail* pointed a strong editorial finger at National Hockey League President Clarence Campbell. *The Globe and Mail* said, “Innumerable Canadian boys follow [hockey] with breathless interest. The liberal education they are now getting in violence, foul play, disregard of rules and authority, and general bad sportsmanship is, in a sense, a national disgrace.”

The reason for the editorial slap at Campbell was a recent incident involving Jack Adams, the general manager of the Detroit Red Wings. During a game at Detroit, Adams stalked to the press box and loudly criticized Referee Eddie Powers, who was officiating the game, and Carl Voss, the NHL's referee-in-chief.

When informed of Adams' outspoken comments, Campbell tried to coat the affair with whitewash. “This is not a matter for discipline,” he said. “. . . He



*the nicest things happen
to people who carry....**

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Internationally Accepted—Ask for them by name at *Your Bank*

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED JANUARY 8, 1963

[Adams] isn't going to intimidate Voss. Adams can have an alley fight with Voss anytime he wants and can choose his own weapons. He's entitled to that. . . . The only thing that gave it [the incident] a bad color was where it happened. If it had happened in the street or in an alley, no one would have said a thing about it."

Is Mr. Campbell, who normally runs an orderly and exciting league, encouraging owners and general managers to lay for referees in alleys? If he is willing to endorse such blatant and outspoken attacks on his officials, it will not be too long before hockey finds itself out in the alley, too.

YOU TARZAN, ME HOUSE DETECTIVE

There is a whole race of people who do nothing but keep an eye on things. Some of them, like avalanche rangers and DEW-line sentries, are probably necessary. Others, like cops, are a calculated risk. And then we have the watchbirds of public morals, who are simply born, like Venetians on the half shell, though not so gracefully. Of these last, we have an example in a librarian of the Downey Unified School District outside Los Angeles.

This sharp-eyed cat, while browsing through the writings of Edgar Rice Burroughs, concluded, with some horror, that Tarzan and Jane had been living in the great outdoors *a deux—à trois*, if you count Boy—all these years without benefit of clergy. And, lest some lusty 8-year-old latch onto the pair of pigtails at the next desk and attempt to do likewise, the librarian began removing Tarzan from the bookshelves.

Well, there are lots of things that are missing in the jungle, like marriage licenses and rabbit tests and even desk clerks, although some of the better trees may well be patrolled by gorillas with derby hats and cigars. Anyway, we think the librarian ought to put the books back, if not on constitutional grounds, then at least so as to avoid being linked with three of the more famous moral ferrets of the past 15 years: 1) the keen historian who tried to ban *Yankee from Olympus* and Charles Beard's *The Republic* on the grounds that they would exert undue influence on voters during an upcoming election, 2) the Alabama state senator who put the kibosh on that book about the white rabbit that married the black rabbit and, finally, 3) the theologian who 11 years ago announced that the doctrine of the

continued

ALL NEW V-M 'tape-o-matic'®



V-M
'tape-o-matic'®
Portable
Tape Recorder
Model 730

Take it everywhere... Record every sound!

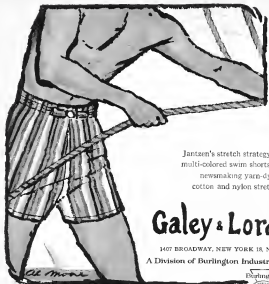


At home, or at the office—practicing a speech, taping the voices of your family, or your favorite programs, V-M's new Model 730 Tape Recorder goes *everywhere*—records *every sound*! And most important, the playback sounds better! Here's a truly lightweight portable with big recorder sound—big recorder features, and at a very popular price.

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SCORECARD continued

Assumption was ridiculous, because the Virgin Mary would have run out of oxygen at 18,000 feet.

OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN

There were, in the past year, some memorable moments in sport that might better have been forgotten. Ignoble, uninspiring, never uplifting, they nonetheless lent a pleasantly jarring note of spice to the sport year:

Notre Dame kicked a field goal after the game was over to beat Syracuse.

An Archie Moore fight in Montreal was called off for the unhappy but refreshing reason that nobody seemed likely to show up to watch it.

Stu Miller got blown off the pitcher's mound in Candlestick Park in San Francisco during the first All-Star Game.

In his big-league debut Rookie Pitcher Sam McDowell of Cleveland broke two ribs making a pitch.

Discus Thrower Jay Silvester smashed the world record by 13 feet and became the first man ever to throw the discus more than 200 feet, only to have the record disallowed because the field tilted downhill.

Manager Paul Richards of the Baltimore Orioles tripped over the top step of the dugout during a game and fell flat on his face.

On the Pua in Oahu, Hawaii, small-car warnings were posted along the road when the winds coming in off the Pacific got too gusty.

A \$30,000 oceangoing yacht sank in four feet of water 50 yards from shore during the Mazatlan race.

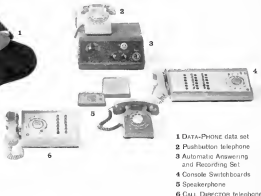
After the Houston Oilers beat the San Diego Chargers in the American Football League championship playoff, a disgruntled Charger player sat on a referee.

Plate Umpire Tom Gorman called for a look at the ball from Pitcher Frank Sullivan. Sullivan lobbed it in toward the plate, and Batter Richie Ashburn smacked it down the first-base line. "First pitch I've seen above the waist all year," explained Ashburn.

Prospects for 1962 continue bright. Parachutist Jacques Istel plans a combination skydiving-skiing race in which teams of three will parachute from a plane, land on top of a hill and ski down. Winner will be the first team of survivors to make it from plane to bottom of hill. Happy New Year. **END**



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JANUARY 3, 1962

THE DAY OF DEVASTATION



To some 40 million romantic TV viewers it was like Cedar Rapids of the Three I League beating the Yankees in the World Series. In the actual presence of 39,000 people—over half the entire population of Green Bay, Wis.—the Green Bay Packers demolished the New York Giants to become the National Football League champions. Paul Hornung, scoring at upper left as Dick Modzelewski hangs on to his ankles, and Ron Kramer, dragging Sam Huff (70) across the goal, were only two of a dozen Green Bay heroes in the popular triumph of Small Town, U.S.A., over Metropolis. Actually, the Packers are a big-time team and were expected to win; but few even in Green Bay expected such a big and shattering win

Photographs by Neil Leifer and Marvin E. Newman

CONTINUED

STRAIGHT PATH TO THE PRO TITLE

by **TEX MAULE**

Vincent Lombardi is a short, wide and notably direct man who professes a dislike for subtleties and a contempt for systems. He was once a block of granite on a very direct Fordham football team and if there have been many changes in his straight-ahead philosophy of football, they weren't much in evidence last week in the championship game between his Green Bay Packers and the New York Giants in Green Bay, Wis. For the third time this season the Packers beat the Giants, this time by 37-0, and they won the title game for the same reason they had won twice before: they blocked and tackled better.

After the game Coach Lombardi, who is as sentimental as he is unsibill, told his men, "Today you were the best team in the history of the National Football League." Later, relating to a reporter what he had said, his naturally hoarse voice grew noticeably hoarser and he said, "I really believe that."

He may be right. Against a very good New York Giant football team, the Packers were devastating. In their two previous games, the Packer offensive line—easily the best in football—demonstrated a clear-cut edge over the Giant defensive line, which is at least as good as any other defensive line in the league. But on this arctic afternoon in the neatly swept Green Bay stadium, the Packer defensive line showed just as definite an edge over the Giant offensive linemen.

There was, of course, some subtlety involved in the Packer victory, as there is in the outcome of every professional football game. Alie Sherman, the capable young coach of the New York Giants, is a subtle man and he made some changes in the Giant defense, which had looked woefully against the powerful Green Bay running attack in the first league game between the two teams in Milwaukee. Sherman installed an odd, five-man line early in the game. It worked briefly, until Bart Starr, who is a resourceful and imaginative quarterback, sent Paul Hornung mixing easily through the strong side of the Packer line behind the blocking of Ron Kramer,

Jim Ringo, Bob Skoronski and Forrest Gregg. The Giants went back to their normal defenses but the change had little effect on the Packers, who simply knocked down anyone in sight.

Under the Lombardi system of force, adjustments to defensive maneuvers are made by Ringo and the offensive tackles, who call their own blocking signals after Starr has given the over-all play. They produce small subtleties of their own this way. Sam Huff, a good, if no longer great, middle linebacker, was surprised several times when Kramer, a massive and agile offensive end, came across to hit Huff after Ringo had brushed him with a soft block as the play developed. This prevented Huff from swinging wide against the Green Bay off-tackle plays to the strong side. From the observable violence of the blocks by Kramer, it must also have bruised him painfully.

Kramer contributed much more to the Green Bay attack than his usual strong blocking. Running his patterns with the balanced ambleness of a performing elephant (he is 6 feet 3 and weighs over 240 pounds) Kramer broke loose for two touchdown passes from Starr and caught two more passes, one of which set up a Packer field goal. The two touchdowns were beautiful examples of what might be called the forceful subtlety of this Green Bay team.

The pass Starr used is called, in the jargon of pro football, a flood right. It is designed to pull the middle linebacker to his left to help in handling a flood of receivers to that side. Kramer, playing the tight end close to the tackle on the right side, blocked hard on the corner linebacker in front of him, creating the impression that he could not possibly be a pass receiver. The natural reaction of Corner Linebackers Cliff Livingston and Tom Scott was to fight off the block and release Kramer, who might have been held up had either of them suspected that he was a potential pass catcher. The flow of receivers to the right forced Huff, who had been deceived by Kramer's block into reading run to the right, out of the middle of the Giant defense. The first time the Packers tried the play, Kramer broke into the open space

over the middle, caught Starr's pass and bulldozed over the Giant safety men into the end zone for the touchdown.

On his second touchdown, Kramer faked the same pattern over the center, then broke back to the outside. Joe Morrison covered him well, but the giant Kramer, moving with his peculiar large grace, made a lovely fake in the end zone to dislodge Morrison, then caught a long, high pass from Starr as he delicately tiptoed along the sideline, making sure he stayed in bounds.

But as well as Ron Kramer and Boyd Dowler and the other Packers played last Sunday, it was Paul Hornung who lifted the team. Hornung, who has been commuting between Fort Riley, Kansas and Green Bay since he was called to service some seven weeks ago, got to spend a full week with the team before this game. He picked up speed and, more important, he picked up the coordination he had lost in the previous seven weeks.

In the championship game he ran with certainty and he filled a gap in the Packer attack left by an injury to Jim Taylor, the brutally strong fullback. Taylor, suffering from a bad back injury, ran well enough but with something less than the reckless abandon he had shown during his healthier afternoon in Milwaukee when he chewed 186 yards out of the Giant line. One wonders what a well Taylor would have added to the Packer offense Sunday.

An inspiring leader

Hornung is a stubborn, inventive runner. He throws well on the running pass the Packers like to use, he is a sure-handed pass catcher, he may be the most effective blocking back in the league, and he is an accurate long-distance field goal kicker (he kicked three in this game). But more than any of these indisputable gifts that made him the NFL's most valuable player this year, Hornung has the quality of inspiring a team by his very presence. It is no exaggeration to say that Green Bay plays appreciably better with Hornung in the lineup, no matter what his condition. The Packers play much more than appreciably better

with Hornung at his peak, as he was against the Giants.

While the Packers' methodical, sure offense came as no surprise, the strong showing of their defensive line, which gave up only 31 yards rushing, was something of a revelation. As a unit, it hadn't played better all year. The four men in the front of the Packer defense didn't stunt much. They almost never have to. Bill Quinlan at one end was a deadly tackler against running plays; Willie Davis, at the other, was virtually unstoppable in putting pressure on the Giant quarterbacks. Early in the game, rookie Tackle Greg Larson tried to impede the quick, shivering Davis and was run

over; later Mickey Walker was given the assignment, with no more success. Finally Sherman moved veteran Jack Stroud over to Davis' side and even he could not contain him.

"We have had it in our hearts to prove ourselves ever since the championship game last year," Davis said after the game. "We all knew there shouldn't have been any way for the Eagles to beat us last year and we watched them in the College All-Star Game and knew we should have been playing in that game."

Complementing Davis' powerful rush was Henry Jordan, a balding young tackle who is light for a defensive man but compensates for that with his quick-

ness. On the first play of the game he showed the Giants what they could expect. When Y. A. Tittle sent Joel Wells on an abortive excursion outside the Green Bay left tackle, Jordan sliced across the line of scrimmage, hit Wells before he could gain momentum and stopped him for a one-yard gain.

With Jordan and Davis putting pressure on Tittle and Conerly and with Dave Hanner and Quinlan almost immovable against running plays, the secondary Packer defense—Linebackers Dan Currie, Bill Forrester and either Tom Bettis or Ray Nitschke and the four deep backs—was free to cover the Giant receivers. Tittle and Conerly, hurried unmercifully, could not pinpoint their passes, much less spend time looking for secondary receivers when their primary targets were covered.

Again, as in the Milwaukee game, the Giants' deep pass-receiving threat, Del Shofner, was nullified by Packer corner back Jesse Whittenon. Whittenon and Shofner were roommates when both of them played for the Rams and Shofner is one of the best ends in pro football. But never in his career has he been able to operate successfully against Whittenon. The night before the game, Shofner and Whittenon had dinner together, along with Currie and Hornung and other friends. During the course of the meal Shofner said, "Jesse, I'm going to do everything you do and go everywhere you go tonight and have fun and then tomorrow I'm going to run your legs off."

Shofner did, indeed, make Jesse run the next day, but he never broke away from him. In the second half the Packers played Shofner loosely because the Giants, all too aware of Whittenon's close coverage, had not thrown to Shofner in the first half. Shofner caught two passes and then Tittle tried to hit him deep. Whittenon, matching Shofner step for step, intercepted the ball over his shoulder. Shofner hit him from behind and pushed him some 15 yards toward the Packer goal line.

"Let go, damn it," Whittenon yelled at Shofner. "I'm not going to run. The whistle blew."

On Sunday, Whittenon was about the only Packer who wasn't going to run on the Giants. The Giants were heavily beaten by a team which, if not the best in NFL history, at least is one of the soundest—and least subtle.

GREEN BAY'S GOLDEN BOY, PAUL HORNUNG, IS RELAXED AND SMILING AFTER GAME



TURN PAGE FOR VINCE LOMBARDI'S
OWN PRESCRIPTION FOR VICTORY



PERFECT BLOCKING PROTECTS PACKERS' BART STARR (10) AS HE PASSES AGAINST THE GIANTS. RIGHT TO LEFT: MASTERS (78) BACKS

'Some people try to find things in this game or put things into it which don't exist. Football is two things. It's blocking and tackling. I don't care anything about formations or new offenses or tricks on defense. You block and tackle better than the team you're playing, you win.'

—VINCE LOMBARDI, GREEN BAY COACH



INTO KATCAVAGE, GREGG (70) HITS MODZELEWSKI, RINGO (51) CUTS OFF SAN HUFF (70), AND SKORONSKI (78) PROTECTS REAR

GLITTERING WEEKEND IN



COTTON TEXAS 12 MISSISSIPPI 7

Ole Miss made too many mistakes, Texas' jackrabbit backfield was too fast and its light line just good enough as the Longhorns hung on to win a thriller.

SUGAR ALABAMA 10 ARKANSAS 3

Scoring early and relying heavily on its swarming defense, Alabama smothered a dramatic late-game bid for a tie and kept its No. 1 national rating intact.

ORANGE LSU 25 COLORADO 7

Never in serious trouble, gang-tackling LSU forced Colorado into numerous errors, used key runs by Wendell Harris to control the ball for most of the game.

THE BOWLS

The scoring was high, the play hard, crisp and tense as flashy Texas just did manage to beat Mississippi, Alabama edged by Arkansas, and LSU, Penn State and Minnesota displayed a pro ability to get touchdowns

ROSE MINNESOTA 21 UCLA 3

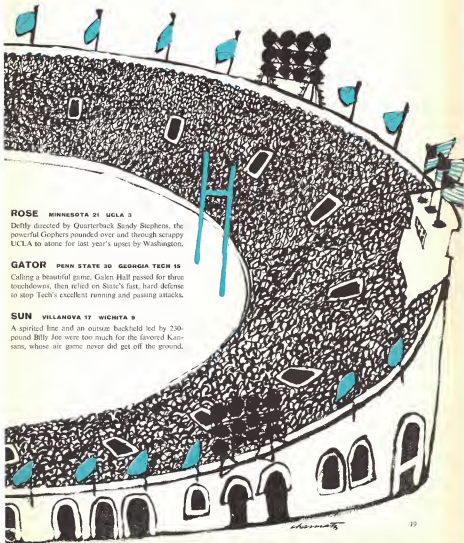
Deftly directed by Quarterback Sandy Stephens, the powerful Gophers pounded over and through scrappy UCLA to atone for last year's upset by Washington.

GATOR PENN STATE 30 GEORGIA TECH 15

Calling a beautiful game, Galen Hall passed for three touchdowns, then relied on State's fast, hard defense to stop Tech's excellent running and passing attacks.

SUN VILLANOVA 17 WICHITA 9

A spirited line and an outsize backfield led by 230-pound Billy Joe were too much for the favored Kansans, whose air game never got off the ground.



A PARLAY OF LUKE AND THE RAT

Luke is Ohio State's brilliant Jerry Lucas, and The Rat is OSU's harassing defense. Together they swept through a strong field in basketball's best holiday tournament

by RAY CAVE

The final week of the year is traditionally a time of wine, roses and football hoopla in southern California. But last week the 50,000 fans who roared and roared at the four-day Los Angeles Basketball Classic could well have argued that the most exciting sports spectacular in their town this holiday season took place on a basketball floor instead of a gridiron, and roses be damned.

Rarely, if ever, has a college basketball tournament had such an impressive field. Of the eight teams playing, five were among the country's best: Ohio State, Southern California, Utah, West Virginia and Purdue. These teams had lost a total of only four games this season, while winning 33. What's more, the four top college centers, Jerry Lucas, Billy McGill, John Rudometkin and Terry Dischinger were on hand to do violent and personal battle with each other. A violent battle it was, too, and by the time Ohio State had overpowered Southern California 76-66 to win the championship Saturday night, even envious opposing coaches were agreed that two things were clear: in Lucas Ohio State has a player in a class by himself; and thanks to its frantic and terrifying defense, the Ohio State team also is almost in a class by itself.

In spite of the summery temperatures that greeted their arrival on Tuesday, none of the visiting coaches were overjoyed to be in Los Angeles. The competition was obviously going to be hotter than the weather. "A man could lose two games here before he knew what hit

him," said George King, coach of West Virginia. Forty-eight hours later West Virginia had lost two games.

Even tall and tense Fred Taylor, the Ohio State coach, was thinking of a lot of places he would rather have his team. "By golly," he said, as he wandered fitfully around his hotel room in a pair of parsley-green pajamas the midnight before his opening game against Washington, "we don't know enough about them, and I don't like it."

Lucas was feeling more confident. He was amused to read for the nth time that his knees hurt so badly he couldn't play. He also read that the tournament record for rebounds was 25 in one game, and he made plans to change that. Somebody said that he had taken everything but the paint off the backboards in a recent game at Wake Forest. "Maybe I'll get the point here," he said.

Wednesday morning the Ohio State team visited a movie studio. Wednesday night it played as if it had stars in its eyes, making a horrid 13 errors on offense against Washington. Few teams could have survived that, but the Ohio State defense, led by tigerish John Havlicek, worked so hard that it repeatedly got the ball back before Washington could score. One phase of this defense is called "The Rat," a full-court pressing maneuver that gives the harassed rival player with the ball about as much chance as a steak in a wolf pack. The Buckeyes used The Rat to advantage and won 59-49.

But Fred Taylor wore his anti-movie-studio look after the game. At heart he

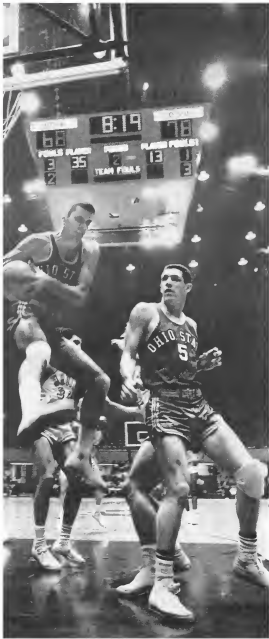
doesn't like such distracting things as tours. "We set basketball back 30 years," he said. "We kept fiddling around on offense and bouncing the ball on the floor." It is a Taylor axiom that you should run on a basketball floor, not bounce a ball on it. Pass. Don't dribble.

Chastised, Ohio State came back the next night to crush UCLA 85-84. Lucas made it a one-man show. Tearing the ball off the backboards as if he were ripping down walls, he got 30 rebounds, equaling his own career high. That was more than the entire UCLA team could get. He made eight of eight free throws and 11 of 13 shots. Only four of his shots came following passes from teammates. He chose instead to set them up with return passes virtually every time they threw him the ball. Lucas received a standing ovation as he left the game. Minutes later, UCLA's John Wooden, a coach for 15 years, appeared in the Ohio State dressing room and introduced himself to Lucas. "I want to tell you that you are the most unselfish athlete I have ever seen," he said. "Our team played its very finest," he continued as he walked away, "but Lucas was magnificent. It was a pleasure to lose to such a man. I have never said such a thing before. I never expect to again."

Someone more immediately concerned with Lucas was Forrest Twogood, coach of the USC team that was now to face Ohio State in the finals. Twogood was as dazed as Wooden. "The greatest performance I ever saw," he said. "Most star players always want the ball, but Lucas is like a man who gets drunk without drinking: he scores 30 points without getting the ball. We'll all have better teams for having seen him play."

USC's trip to the finals had been more testing than Ohio State's. Like Ohio State, the Trojans are strong at center, where their wondrous Russian, Rudometkin, pirouettes his way to seemingly impossible baskets. They also have a strong defense led by Ken Stanley, an intensely competitive counterpart to OSU's

ON WAY TO RECORD. Lucas protects ball grimly after grabbing rebound against UCLA as teammate Havlicek (No. 5) blocks for him.



Havlicek, and an outstanding guard, Chris Appel, who drives for the basket like a lion charging through a forest. This combination brought USC victories over Purdue and Utah.

The final game figured to be a stunning defensive battle, and if Ohio State's offense stuttered, as it occasionally does, USC had a chance. Twogood knew his team couldn't stop Lucas, but he hoped Lucas wouldn't shoot much. He had reason to hope. Lucas averages only 12 shots a game, compared, say, to McGill's 25. ("Do you wish Lucas would shoot more?" a local reporter naively asked Fred Taylor, "Is Los Angeles big?" answered Taylor.) If Lucas didn't score excessively, perhaps the good USC defense could stop the rest of the team, as Cincinnati did last year in giving Ohio State its only loss in 42 games.

Five minutes after the final game began in the beautiful and packed Los Angeles sports arena it was obvious that Twogood's fond hope was merely a dream. This was the night that Lucas decided to shoot. In a five-minute stretch early in the game he gently arched in five consecutive shots from more than 15 feet out. Then he moved in for a hook and three straight layups, giving Ohio State a 14-point lead. USC's Appel cut beautifully through the Buckeyes, and Rudometkin twirled his level best, but the closest the Trojans could get was two points. Though the rest of Ohio State's offense did have trouble against USC, its defense was as grudging as ever, and Lucas' 38 points carried the team to victory. In taking 26 shots Lucas equaled his all-time high as a college player. He had shot often enough to win a classic classic. When 38 sports-writers cast their ballots for the tournament's most valuable player, every vote was for Lucas.

The win left Ohio State one of only four major undefeated teams in the country, but that same Saturday night, a continent away, Cincinnati, the national champion, was winning another holiday tournament in most impressive fashion in New York. It was beginning to look like the NCAA championship would have the same finalists as a year ago. Basketball fans would trade all the roses in California to see that match. **END**



SPORTSMAN
OF THE
YEAR



JERRY



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LUCAS

Amateur basketball's finest player receives the Sports Illustrated award of the Grecian amphora, the classic symbol of excellence. The story of his exploits and his views begins on the next page

The Unassuming Ways of an Indispensable Man

by RAY CAVE



With a perfectly timed leap, Jerry Lucas blocks shot by Willie Hall of St. John's. Behind at the time, OSU won the game.

Jerry Ray Lucas, a tall, intelligent and outwardly somber member of the senior class at Ohio State University, is the best amateur basketball player in the world. He has earned this distinction at a time when the competition in his sport has never been tougher, for basketball is being played by tens of thousands of his own countrymen with greater skill and fervor than ever before and is being enthusiastically adopted abroad.

Yet Lucas' achievements are unprecedented. Over the past two seasons he led his team to one national championship and to within a single dramatic point of another. He was the outstanding player on the U.S. Olympic squad that won a gold medal in Rome. He went to Russia with a touring American team and brought it eight straight victories in an intense competition that the Russians had privately thought they were going to win. As college play began last month, Ohio State immediately was ranked the top team in the country and Lucas again was the most watched—and competent—star of a young season.

But athletic excellence is only one facet of this 21-year-old youngster. He has also maintained a rare scholastic record, an A average that puts him in the top 4% of his class at Ohio State's College of Commerce and Administration. He is eligible for election to Beta Gamma Sigma, the commerce equivalent of Phi Beta Kappa. During a decade of flattery, pressure and outlandish recruiting, he has remained as imperturbable as a Mount Rushmore face, behaving in a studied, discerning and appealing fashion both on and off the basketball court. Essentially shy, he has treated fame as a commodity of little intrinsic worth and in a sense has shunned it by playing as the perfect team man in a demanding team game. He has accepted victory with poise and grace and taken his few defeats (six losing games in 13 years) without emotion, displaying neither an appetite for remorse nor a thirst for revenge.

Thus, he has given a sport recently scarred by a tawdry scandal a recognized leader of laudable qualities. And he has given his own post-World War II generation, now facing the gravest tensions it has ever known, a wholesome example of fitness, awareness and common sense. "We are advancing into a different age, but humanity has always been facing the dangers of new ages," he said recently. "They thought no one would survive the plague. They thought the machine gun was the ultimate weapon of war. Now this is the atomic age, but it is just another phase of history. Someday I think people will look back on atom bombs as we look back on all the other things that it was once thought would end civilization. Meanwhile, my generation must realize that it will soon have the responsibility for running this country, that it must accept this responsibility as a challenge, not fear it. Our forefathers fought for this country. We must be willing to fight, too. We can't go along with those who would rather be Red than dead."

Because Jerry Lucas is not only a fine athlete but a symbol of his generation's best at a time when its best is sorely needed by his country as well as his sport the editors of

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED have selected him as Sportsman of the Year and awarded him the Grecian amphora, a classic emblem of excellence of mind and body.

On the wall of the basketball team's dressing room at Ohio State, where Jerry Lucas and his teammates can see it every day, there is posted a poem, which ends with these lines:

*The moral of this quaint example
Is to do just the best that you can,
Be proud of yourself but remember,
There is no indispensable man.*

In contrast to this uplifting sentiment, Lucas is an indispensable man on Ohio State's basketball team. He knows it and tries to pretend he doesn't. The other players know it and wonder why he is so self-effacing about it. At one point the team won 32 games in a row with him. It might not have won one in a row without him. In the past two seasons he led all major college players in shooting accuracy. Last year he was also the nation's leading rebounder. Colleges don't keep records of assists. If they did, Lucas would almost surely be the national leader in that important aspect of the game, too. His 6-foot 7½-inch, 220-pound frame flows up and down the court on Ohio State's famous fast-break offense with no more apparent concern or effort than Bernard Beruch puts into sitting on a park bench. But this languor is deceptive, for no basketball player has better reflexes or more purposeful fakes.

One second Lucas is standing motionless near the basket on a semicrouch, hands on knees, following the ball with nothing but his eyes, like a man with a stiff neck watching a tennis match. The next second he has somehow gotten the ball from one teammate and passed it on to another who is wide open for a score. If the shot is missed he jumps high, with matchless timing, and flicks the rebound into the basket with his sensitive touch. He has a superb jump shot and one of the finest hook shots the game has ever seen. Coaches in the Big Ten say he could score 30 points a game if he wanted to. But he rarely tops 30. "The more I play, the less I care about points," he says. "Anybody can score these days if his teammates set him up."

"I have never even seen a pro who was any better," said St. John's Coach Joe Lapchuck after Lucas had smoothly destroyed that team in a big game last season. "The best I have ever coached," said California's Pete Newell after landing the Olympic squad. "The greatest thing since sliced bread," sums up Lucas' own coach, Fred Taylor, using the simile he reserves for his highest praise.

Yet spectators who see Lucas play for the first time are prone to wonder, "What's so great?" The question arises because he seems to be doing so little, and to be bored by the little he does. He doesn't smile. He doesn't frown. He doesn't encourage. He doesn't berate. He wouldn't get excited if the roof fell down. He simply plays excellent basketball without wasting energy on show. "I wonder," said

a fan once, after observing his mature and icy calm, "how old he was when he was born?"

Lucas was born, at the usual age, in Middletown, Ohio, a community of 42,000 some 28 miles north of Cincinnati. The city's chief products are steel, paper and basketball players. Middletown's parks have five lighted outdoor courts that get constant use, fans stand in line all night to buy tickets to big games and the local high school coach was once given a car after his team lost a state title.

Organized basketball starts in the fourth grade, which is where Lucas, the son of a paper company pressman, got his first competition. As a high school sophomore he was already 6 feet 7 inches tall, averaging 28.7 points a game and one of the hottest college prospects in the country. By his senior year he was also president of his class and an honor student. Some 150 colleges from Hawaii to NYU were after him, and the professional Cincinnati Royals had gone so far as to draft him for four years hence. The recruiting scramble was formidable, if not scandalous. One Ivy League coach came rapping at a window of the Lucas home at 5 a.m. There were others offering money, cars, jobs and professions of goodies, including employment for Mr. Lucas at twice his pressman's pay.

"I stopped even reading the letters from the schools," Lucas says. "I come from an ordinary family. I could picture myself with a new car, my dad with a lot of money, and right away I could see myself getting into a lot of trouble. I felt I had a good future. A wrong decision could have ruined everything. You've got to look at the future in life, not at what is being offered you right now. I knew I wanted to go to school in Ohio, and Ohio State was the only school out of all of them that talked about academics first. The rest talked about athletics. It was as if my whole future was going to revolve around basketball. It isn't." He decided on Ohio State—and insisted on an academic scholarship so that he could quit basketball if he wanted to.

Lucas' career at Ohio State began with a harsh incident. Attending his very first class, freshman history, he sat near the rear of the room. The instructor looked in his direction and said, testily: "If any athlete thinks he can sit in the back of the room and do nothing and pass my class, he is sadly mistaken." Lucas stared straight ahead. He said nothing. But he got the highest mark in the first history examination. "Surprise, surprise," the teacher tartly announced, Lucas also got an A in the course.

He has done almost as well since. James R. McCoy, dean of the College of Commerce and Administration, calls his academic performance "truly outstanding." In spite of the rigorous demands of his sport, Lucas has carried more hours of classes (17) than the average OSU graduating student and has had few grades below A.

As a freshman, Lucas got a reputation for helping his less able dormitory mates with their studies, for making up his own mind and for changing girl friends. One of these

continued

had charms enough to play the seductive Maggie in the school version of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. Another, possibly out of pique, sent him a live alligator from Florida. "It was a mean alligator," remembers John Havlicek, Lucas' teammate, who roomed with him then, "and goofy Luke kept letting it walk around loose in our room."

In that year, too, while playing an odd kind of baseball, Lucas demonstrated what is certainly one of his most unusual physical assets, his 20-10 vision. The baseball game was played with a fraternity puddle and a plastic ball. Ground rules made a ball hit over the roof of the four-story dormitory a home run. Nobody ever hit a home run except Lucas. He did it regularly, and he used the quarter-inch width instead of the broad, flat side of the bat. "Nobody else could even *hit* the ball with the thin side of the paddle," recalls Havlicek. "I couldn't come close." Yet Havlicek could hit .591 as the best player on the freshman baseball squad.

The changing of girl friends ended abruptly in September 1960, when Lucas married Treva Geib, an 18-year-old, 5-foot-10 brunette beauty, the daughter of a Columbus barber. She was an OSU sophomore. Lucas had outgrown the horseplay of his classmates, and off-campus life has obviously suited him since his marriage. Today he goes out rarely with his friends. Surprisingly, however, he is the gregarious hit of the few parties he attends. He knows 100 jokes and will tell them by the hour. He also has a parlor trick that could become the national rage. Given a word, he spells it aloud instantly but arranges its letters in alphabetical order. Thus, basketball becomes abckellst.

His mind actually sorts the letters so quickly that he has the proper order faster than he can say the letters. "I started it about five years ago," he says. "I don't know how I do it, or why. I've never seen anybody else do it." The alphabet game is not Lucas' only idiosyncrasy. His teammates long ago nicknamed him Frog because of the way he bent his knees and stared with his big eyes from under bushy brows when he was shooting a jump shot. Lucas was a sophomore when OSU won the national championship by beating California in the NCAA finals. He took it casually. Last winter his team lost its national championship and its only game to Cincinnati in an overtime period. He took that discouraging defeat casually, too. The winners received self-winding watches. "The losers got watches also," Lucas wryly observed, "but we have to wind ours."

At this point he was sick of basketball. His knees, which have bothered him for several years, possibly because he played for so many hours a day on the concrete courts of Middletown, were worse. When an offer came to tour Russia with an AAU team, Ohio State officials advised him not to go. Lucas knew better than to listen to them, and dropped out of school for a quarter to embark on what he now considers the most interesting weeks of his life. "It wasn't the basketball," he says. "I wanted to see the Russian people. They are supposed to be our enemies. I would go out with an interpreter every chance I had, and we would talk

to people on the streets, in stores and in restaurants. The anti-American propaganda turns your stomach, but I think the average Russian wants to be friendly and have peace every bit as much as we do. When you talk with them you get the feeling that the problems between our countries will be settled one day. Until then, we have to stick by our ideals. I hope to raise three or four children—mostly boys—and I just intend to teach them the same kind of principles I was taught."

By the time he came back from Russia he had played basketball for 20 straight months and was 30 pounds underweight. He went to work as an instructor for a summer camp that prepares high school graduates for the first



Jerry and Treva Lucas relax at a neighborhood soda shop. For years Lucas avoided

months of college. He didn't touch a basketball. "I was dreading the start of the season," he recalls. But when practice began at Ohio State he was better than ever.

"The Big Kid is different this year," says Fred Taylor. "He's laughing and clowning a little, which he never did before." At a recent practice Lucas dropped a pass. "It hit me in a bad spot, the palm of my hands," he hollered. The Ohio State athletic department couldn't have been more surprised if Woody Hayes had said he was planning to de-emphasize football. But Lucas still isn't shooting much. In the first game of the season against Florida State he took exactly one shot in the first half. Much of Lucas' personality can be seen in what amounts to his flat decision not to score more points. This is a grandly unselfish attitude, though a risky one at times, because against certain kinds of teams Ohio State needs more points from Lucas.

His attitude about losing similarly confounds the team. "I play a defeat over and over and over," says Havlicek. "With Luke, it is as if a curtain comes down. As if it never happened."

"We have won so much," says Lucas, "that I always think we are going to win until the game is actually over. Then it's too late to think about it, so I don't. You should worry about the problems of the future, not the past."

Nor has Taylor tried to change this approach to the game. "He has tremendous pride," says the coach. "Nobody works harder. When the chips are down he is fantastic. What more should I ask of him?"

Lucas can be found almost any evening this winter study-



... places, because he was uncomfortable all the stares that allowed him. Recently he has acquired much more ease in public.

ing with Treva in their four-room apartment, which is located exactly 1.3 miles from the granite-gray Ohio State field house. Their telephone number is unlisted. There is no name tag on their door. But, aside from that, they live much like the thousands of college married couples across the land. Their furniture is Early American, selected because it won't go out of style. They own a 1955 Chevrolet, on which the final \$46 payment was made last month, a new dishful of plastic fruit, which Jerry considered an extravagance at \$90, and an India-rubber plant that looks very dead, though Treva insists it will revive. Nowhere in the living room is there an indication that this is the home of a basketball player. In the basement are several cardboard boxes filled with emblems, medals, plaques and clippings, waiting for the trophy room Jerry someday plans to have. There is also a silver punch bowl big enough to float a basketball

and maybe even a referee. Middletown had wanted to give Lucas an automobile after the Olympics, but the NCAA said no, and Jerry wouldn't let the Lucas Day Committee fake it by giving the car to his family. He got the punch bowl; he wishes he had the car. ("You see a lot of athletes with new cars," he says. "It makes you wonder.") The Lucas budget is a frugal one. Jerry recently had to get through four days on \$1.76, waiting for his monthly scholarship check to come. He laughs about it, but he is eager now to be out of school and employed. Which brings up the problem of pro basketball.

He was considering this question one recent night after an Ohio State home game. His apartment was surprisingly empty, considering the fans and friends who had mobbed him after the game. There was only one visitor. Jerry sat on the couch next to Treva and drank four cream sodas, trying to regain the nine pounds he had lost that night. He nervously knicked his hands, his toe idly traced over the pattern on the brown braided rug and he talked of his future: "I would like to think there isn't enough money in the world to get me to play pro basketball," he said. "I think I've had it with basketball. How long has it been? Thirteen years. That's a long, long time, and there are more important things in life than basketball."

"I still don't know what I am going to do, though. I know I want a home, a place where I can get away and just enjoy my family and friends. I want to write a book. Athletics are an important part of lots of young men's lives, and I think I've got some things to say that might influence them in the right direction. I'm just beginning to realize how people look up to someone like myself. They deserve an image worth following. I'd like to have some time to lecture and to work with children, as well as getting started in some business. Can I do what I want to without playing professional basketball?" he concluded. "I really hope so. I'm going to try."

It was two days after this, about the time that Pepper Wilson, general manager of the Cincinnati Royals, was saying, "We'll offer him so much money that he can't turn it down," that Jerry Lucas showed what kind of thing really interests him. He seemed in rare fettle as practice began on this Monday afternoon in the field house. When Coach Taylor walked out on the floor, Lucas discreetly waved four fingers at him. Minutes later he came over to Taylor. He was grinning. "Did you get my signal, coach?" he asked. "I got it," said Taylor.

"What signal?" Taylor was asked. "Oh," he said, "Luke just wanted to let me know he thinks he might get a 4.0 average this quarter. That's the highest there is."

Jerry Ray Lucas, sportsman, student and retired alligator keeper, is a tall man with keen eyesight and a very long view.

The year 1961 was notable for performances by many other fine athletes and sporting moments of high drama. Some of the best are shown on the following pages.

Other moments and other men

An airliner crashed in Belgium destroying America's figure skating team, a horror the whole world felt; a U.S. team and a Russian team met warmly together in a track meet and proved again that sport can transcend politics; a football team at Rutgers, where that marvelous game was introduced to America 93 years ago, put together an unblemished season for the very first time; in convicting several hoodlums who were throttling boxing, a court freshened the face of that once-sweet science; by expanding the number of major league teams, baseball became more popular than ever; and by standing stolidly still, tennis actually slipped backward. Sport, in essence, flittered between the dark and the light in 1961 but, as always, a few of its players struck golden moments for themselves and those who watched.



As the new teams and the new heroes established themselves, pro football waxed stronger. Green Bay Fullback Jim Taylor, sensational in 1960, was fantastic in 1961. An unstoppable runner, he also aided the Packers' passing by keeping his opponents' attention riveted on himself.

The high point of track was reached in Moscow in July. Russia's marvelous high jumper, Valeri Brumel, who had soundly thrashed America's John Thomas in indoor meets last winter, leaped 7 feet 4 1/4 inches outdoors (right) to set a world record, and to humble Thomas again.

continued





Although his style looked tarnished one night last March, the heart of the man shone through, and the heavyweight



champion, Floyd Patterson (right), recovered from two knockdowns in the first round, threw a punch in the sixth

that sent Ingemar Johansson back to Sweden. Last month Floyd also licked a Boston boy named Tom McNeeley.



SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

(continued)

U.S. swimmers are always good if not always world-beaters. But in 1961 Americans beat the world silly, claiming 18 of 19 world records made during the year. Claiming more than anyone else was Chef Jastremski (right), who set four breast-stroke records all by himself, helped set another in a relay.



What a bleak year for Babe Ruth! The Yankees' Roger Maris hit 61 homers to ruin Slugger Ruth's classic 60. And the record Pitcher Ruth loved most—29½ straight scoreless innings in World Series play—was broken by the Yankees' Whitey Ford.

Phil Hill, a Californian, won the world driving championship, the first American to do so. European drivers, who lord it over Grand Prix racing, hoped it wasn't a trend, but it was: two other Americans were No. 4 and No. 5 in the final standings.

For pure theater, little in the year could match the performance by wee and wizened Jerry Barber (below) in the PGA golf championship in Chicago. A lightly regarded contender, he holed out the last three greens with astonishing putts of 20, 40 and 60 feet to tie Don January, next day won the playoff by a stroke.



Carry Back, a "poorly" bred ugly duckling, made a million friends when he won the 1961 Kentucky Derby. But it was the noble, refined Kelso (right), under Eddie Arcaro, who ran off with racing, gained a stature equaling Tom Fool's and richly deserved his second Horse of the Year award.



France has the world's strongest ski team, and its strongest member is Guy Périllet. Built like a howitzer shell and just as deadily earnest, Guy won five major titles in 1961 to dominate his sport.



Can one man redeem a whole hockey team? Doug Harvey has done it. As new coach, star defenseman and inspirational leader, he has given the once lowly New York Rangers skill, drive and success.



Lazy Living on a Lagoon Full of Gamefish



No matter how much a man likes to fish, it is hard to get stirring when the sun is high and the rum is good. But this is the way it usually is at El Tarpon Tropical, a lazy fishing camp on the Yucatan Peninsula. So the guests are often satisfied just to pick up a few grouper and then relax with their drinks. But more often they will succumb to the excitement of what may be the best tarpon water in America. When this happens, as the paintings on the following pages show, they climb into native boats to drift the tidal creeks or troll the big lagoon hoping for a record breaker. For more fishing and travel facts on Mexico's unique sportsman's vacation spot, turn to page 42

Paintings by Tom Allen



At noon, Mayan guides unload two fish from the morning's catch before settling down for a two-hour siesta. Later, when the day's fishing is over, guests at the tarpon camp relax under a palm-thatch umbrella, sip sundown drinks and swap insults with the camp's gaudy and bilingual parrot, Lorenzo

Floating before a curtain of deep jungle green, two light-tackle



Fishermen quietly cast their lures into a shallow tidal creek







While the triumphant angler looks on, a guide gaffs a 60-pound tarpon hooked in the Laguna de Términos only two minutes from camp. Later the guide drags the fish up the beach to camp while, in the background, one of the guests joins a group of natives casting for snook in a tide rip

TRAVEL FACTS ON NEXT PAGE

Yucatan Travel Facts



Mayan pyramids and mammoth tarpon have brought Yucatan to life.

The fishing is just one of the wonders of the Yucatan Peninsula, a corner of Mexico that slept in the sun behind its jungle curtains until Charles and Anne Lindbergh mapped its spectacular Mayan ruins 30 years ago, disclosing the continent's most dramatic archaeological treasures. Now that fishermen have discovered waters full of tarpon, and hunters skies full of ducks; now that beachcombers have found endless sands and skin divers clear waters, reefs and sunken galleons, Yucatan's *mañana* is today. **GETTING THERE:** Pan American jets leave Miami for Mérida Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays, cost \$124 round trip first class, \$89 economy. From New Orleans, Pan Am jets fly Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at noon, arrive in Mérida at 1:30 p.m., cost \$119 round trip first class, \$81 economy. Compañía Mexicana de Aviación has daily DC-4 service at 11:30 a.m. from Mexico City, arriving in Ciudad del Carmen at 4:15 p.m., where taxis from El Tarpon Tropical wait.

STAYING THERE: Mérida (pop. 177,000), the capital of Yucatan, has beautiful gardens and white houses. There are 10 hotels that will meet reasonable tourist standards. The Hotel Mérida, with 110 rooms, has colonial Spanish charm and a swimming pool. It costs about \$8 for a double room. The Hotel Colón has 20 rooms, each with bath and telephone and tiled steam baths adjoining a swimming pool, small in size but Roman in splendor. Double rooms are from \$8 up.

EATING THERE: All hotels recommended here have good food. Los Tulipanes in Mérida has beautiful gardens, and for swimming a *covote*, one of the

many natural underground pools or wells found on the peninsula. The indigenous Carta Clara or Carta Oscura is as good as any beer in Mexico (no beer anywhere is better) and costs only one peso (about 8¢) per bottle. The winter climate is mild, but a topcoat is often necessary in the evenings. Shopping is negligible but there is one great buy: the hammocks made of sisal by the convicts in Mérida's jail.

FISHING: The fishing is at its best at El Tarpon Tropical, on the peninsula of Aguada, which Fisherman-Artist Tom Allen (*see color page*) says is "better than any fishing camp I have ever visited." El Tarpon, open from January till late August, was built in 1954 by Hal Hassey, a former Long Island sporting goods dealer. It has seven double rooms and baths and good Mexican-American food—the kind of relaxed place where one makes one's own drinks and puts them on the tab. Rates are \$35 a day for food, shelter, boats, guides, licenses—but not drinks. Tom Allen and the party he fished with found light and medium tackle all they needed. They used freshwater spinning rods with 8-to-10-pound test line for trout, baby tarpon (you can sometimes raise 20 in a day on top-water plugs), grouper in deeper waters and snook in the estuaries. For the large tarpon in the bay they took 6-foot glass plug-casting rods with 15-to-20-pound test line and sinking plugs. For the big tarpon (up to 160 pounds), glass trolling rods, reels with 250-yard capacity and 30-to-40-pound test line and big sinking plugs are recommended. For reservations write Harold E. Hassey, Apartado 40, Ciudad del Carmen, Campeche, Mexico.

DUCK HUNTING: In winter the duck hunting at Sisal, 45 minutes from Mérida, is so splendid that one could bag 50 to 100 ducks a day if 15 weren't the limit. There is no hotel—take a sleeping bag or return to Mérida. Be sure to take the time to check on firearms permits at a Mexican consulate before going.

PYRAMIDS: Chichén Itzá, most famous of all Mayan ruins, is 75 miles from Mérida on a good, paved road through the jungle, but if you have time for only one run, go to Uxmal, 50 miles south of Mérida, which has a pyramid as impressive as Chichén Itzá as well as the House of the Governor, with its stone mosaics. The Hacienda Uxmal has a swimming pool, superb food, a great deal of charm and costs \$28 per double with meals. If you are a true temple scout, go on to Sayil-Labná. It is a day's journey round trip from Uxmal, and the 40-mile drive through deep jungle is made by Model T Ford to a *Green Man* site with pink temples, pink columns and the Arch of Labná, another Mayan triumph.

BEACHCOMBING: Cozumel has been called the best island in the Caribbean. Its beaches stretch for miles. You get there by flying from Mérida on Tuesdays, Thursdays or Saturdays (80 minutes, \$22 round trip). The best hotels are the Mayalium, Cabañas de Caribe and the Playa Azul (between \$20 and \$40 a day for two, meals included). The superb beaches and skin diving of Mujeres are just being discovered by vacationers. Stay at the Hotel Zazil-Ha (\$18 per double with meals). The island can be reached by bus or car or chartered small plane from Mérida.

END



Stan Leonard playing Banff Springs Golf Course.

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Wentworth (London)	Jerry Barber	Dai Rees	Jan. 7
Banff (Canada)	Jack Burke, Jr.	Stan Leonard	Jan. 14
St. Andrews (Scotland)	Gene Sarazen	Henry Cotton	Jan. 21
Koanigasaki (Tokyo)	Bob Rosburg	"Pete" Nakamura	Jan. 28
Pine Valley (U.S.A.)	Gene Littler	Byron Nelson	Feb. 4
Ogishio (Rome)	Ken Venturi	Ugo Grossi-Devi	Feb. 11
Royal Melbourne (Australia)	Gary Player	Peter Thomson	Feb. 18
Jeckley Club (Buenos Aires)	Mike Souchak	Roberto De Vicenzo	Feb. 25
St. Cloud (Paris)	Jay Hebert	Harry Van Dant	Mar. 4
Royal Hong Kong	Ed Kroll	Chen Ching-Po	Mar. 11
Genoa (Rio de Janeiro)	Bill Casper, Jr.	Marlo Gonzales	Mar. 18

STARTS SUNDAY, JAN. 7, CBS-TV. TIME: 4 PM EST, 3 PM CST,
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AT LAST— ONE MOVE FOR EVERYBODY

by EZRA BOWEN

Photographs by JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

Learning to ski has become much more complicated than it needs to be. Every resort seems to have adopted some special technique—or developed a variation of its own. And even if a ski school teaches the flexible, functional shortswing, there is still too much difference between the things beginners learn and the things taught to advanced skiers. Novices have trouble when they go from the snowplow to the sideslip, and intermediate skiers have an awful time getting from the stem to a parallel turn. One reason is that they don't understand how one move grows out of another. But, far more important, until now no one has taught them the simplest, most fundamental lesson of all: that in all phases of skiing there is one movement of one part of the body that basically controls the skis.

This is the movement of the outside, or downhill, knee. This is the key to skiing. It is true whether the skier is blasting through a high-speed parallel turn, as Shortswing Expert Miki Hutter shows at left, or is struggling with the snowplow. It is the only move that is constant in every type of Alpine skiing and at every level of ability (see following pages). Therefore it is above all the thing most worth learning.

CONTINUED

THE SNOWPLOW

Most instructors teach beginners the snowplow as a way to slow down or stop. This is fine, as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. What the beginner really should learn from the snowplow is edge control, the subtle shifting of the knees that regulates the angle at which the skis brush over the snow or bite into it. To get into the plow, stand knock-kneed and flex the knees and ankles until the kneecaps are about on a line with the toes of your boots (*inset, right*). In this position your knees are inside the line of the skis, and you are in control. By shifting the knees outward, the skis will flatten out and start sliding. When you bring the knees back in again, the inside edges will bite and you will stop. Never, in the snowplow or any other maneuver, let your knees get too far out (*foreground below*); this position is stiff, awkward, and immediately precedes a fall.



SNOWPLOW TURN



To a novice the snowplow turn is the start of real downhill skiing. To most experts it is a bore. These experts, and all novices, are invited to study the sequence at right. The controlling movement in each turn is a bending of the outside knee, and this is exactly the same movement that controls the fancy, hip-swinging *Wieseln* on pages 52-53. At the start of the sequence Hutter is coming straight down the slope, weight forward, skis and knees exactly balanced. Then he bends his left knee a little deeper and slightly inward and puts most of his weight on the left ski. The inside edge of the weighted ski digs in, the tail brushes out across the snow and he starts to turn. To go the other way he bends the right leg forward and in and shifts his weight to the right. At bottom he swings back again. Inset at left shows difference in the knees during turn to the right.



THE SIDESLIP

Once you bring your knees and skis tight together, as you must for more advanced skiing, life seems more precarious. The broad, tricycle stability of the snowplow is gone. But there is no fundamental change in technique. The basic movements, with the downhill knee in the sideslip (*below*) and the downhill—or outside knee—in a swing to the slope, are the same as in the snowplow.



With the sideslip, you learn for the first time to control the edges of two parallel skis. As the picture above shows, you do this with the knees, not the ankles, as is usually taught. In fact, if your weight is forward, as it should be when skiing, you cannot make any rotary movement with your ankles; they are locked and won't roll either way. The knees, however, are free to work. By holding the downhill knee just inside the line of the boot (*above right*), then shifting it outward (*center*), you can start the skis slipping sideways. Then, with a fairly sharp inward movement of the knees (*left*), you dig the edges of the skis into the snow and they stop sliding. Practice this over and over again, in faster and faster sequence, and do it without looking at your skis. The feeling of control is what you must have, because later on, in a fast run over difficult terrain, if you look down at your skis instead of watching the trail ahead, you've had it.

SWING TO THE SLOPE

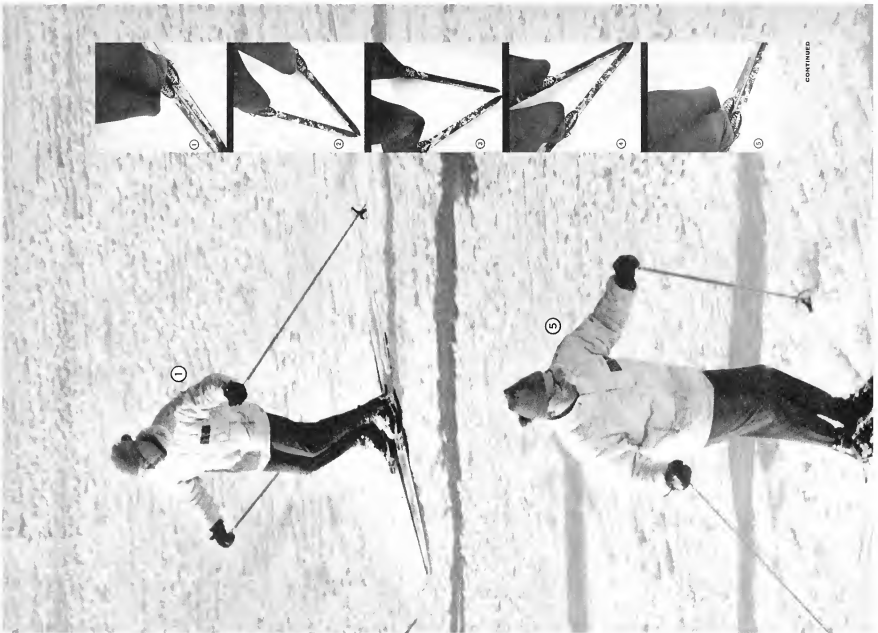
This is the graduate version of the sideslip, for now you start out heading down the slope instead of across it. The running position, however, is the same, and so is the knee action. As Hunter begins the swing, his skis and knees are together, weight on the outside ski, hips and shoulders turned slightly downhill in the correct shortswing position. Then (*be-fore*) he flexes the outside knee and draws it in toward the slope. Note that at the same time he bends his ankles forward, thus shifting his weight ahead so that the forward edges of the skis will bite and the tails will swing around freely. At the same time, too, he swivels his shoulders and hips in the opposite direction from the turn. From this position—weight forward, hips and shoulders drawn back, knees flexed, he is perfectly coiled to deliver the heel thrust that ends all shortswing turns. And here again it is the knee action that controls the maneuver. If he edges the skis sharply and thrusts hard, as he is doing here, he will stop dead. If he uses less knee action, edging more subtly and making a gentler thrust, he will slow momentarily, then continue his descent. Whatever he does, he will do it primarily with his knees, and he will do it just as he did in the straight sideslip, the only difference being the slight forward weight shift and shoulder movement that make the tips dig in and the tails start swinging.



THE STEM TURN

About 90% of all skiers use the stem turn, with varying degrees of polish. As soon as the novice begins to get his feet together, his snowplow turn quickly works into a stem. And usually it stays there forever. If you were to study slow-motion movies of the world's flashiest parallel skiers, you would see that when they are tired or careless—or in momentary doubt—they will use a tiny stem. The turn itself, shown here on a gentle, pocked slope, combines all the elements discussed on the previous pages. Hutter starts off (1) with knees and skis together as he did in the swing to the slope. Then (2) he stems out with his right ski, bends the right knee in and down as he shifts his weight onto that ski (3). Note that the knee of the weighted ski is forward and inside the arc of the turn just as it was in the snowplow turn. Once past the fall line (4), he brings his inside ski back alongside the outside ski and finishes the turn with a heel push (5). Small photographs show how knees should look to you as you first practice the turn.





CONTINUED

THE WEDELN

This is the climax of skiing, a fast series of graceful parallel turns. Before the shortswing, it was difficult to link two turns in less than about 30 yards. The early shortswing cut that in about half. Now, by emphasizing the knees, a crack skier like Hutter or Othmar Schneider or Karl Fahrner can make up to nine turns in that distance. Below, Hutter is running straight down the slope. Then he ducks his left knee forward and in and puts his weight on the left ski—instantly he turns to his right. With a quick weight shift, the right knee goes forward and in, and he turns back. Then the left knee and, finally, again the right. These lightning turns, governed almost entirely by knee action, give Hutter absolute control on the narrowest, steepest tracks. They represent perfect ski technique.

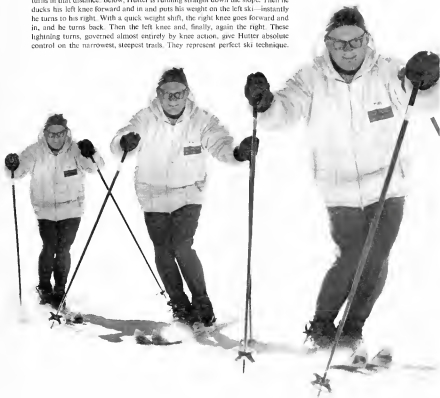


Photo of Othmar Schneider by Bill Brown, Esquire '62



THE BIZARRE HISTORY OF AMERICAN SPORT

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

Sport fascinates Americans. It is axiomatic that foreign visitors to this shining land are startled—and left either amused or aghast—when banner headlines announcing World Series scores force international crises down to the bottom of the front page. Even *The New York Times*, the most respected newspaper in the country, devotes more space to sport than it does to art, books, education, television or the theater. Indeed, it devotes more space to sport in its daily edition than to all these subjects combined. Sport permeates our language, our art, our politics. (Eisenhower's first loss of popularity came when he passed up baseball's Opening Day in Washington to play golf in Georgia; the loss would have been greater still if he had spent the day working at the White House. Kennedy gained votes because he played touch football with his brothers.) It also permeates our economy. Americans spend \$20 billion a year on sport, approximately one-sixth of the national disposable income.

What is American sport? Is it, as Frances Logan Paxson, the historian, called it, the social safety valve that replaced the frontier? Or did that dour observer, Thorstein Veblen, touch the heart of the matter when he wrote that sport was no more than an expression of the barbarian temperament? Lewis Mumford let up on cities long enough to dismiss spectator sport as "one of the mass-duties of the machine age" and "a part of that universal regimentation of life." And Albert Parry, in the *Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences*, found an even more sinister significance; he termed sport an instrument with which "the masses are to be kept in check, awed

continued

This modern rendering of a "Puck" cartoon made in 1887 of Uncle Sam's brain reveals the country's preoccupation with sport in the late 19th century.



or distracted." Was Parry right when he said: "The wide interest of Anglo-Saxon masses in horse racing, football, baseball and similar sports tends to allay social unrest and lessens the possibility of political uprisings?"

These sociological pseudoprofundities tend to obscure the simple definition of sport as a pastime, a diversion, something to do. When man has time he does things. He writes, he paints, he diverts himself. Sport in America grew with the increase of leisure time and the liberalization of moral codes.

In Colonial days religion, in the form of New England Puritanism, tended to inhibit the rise of sport. The Puritans were, to generalize broadly, middle-class moralists in revolt against the Anglo-Catholic pomp and splendor of king and court. They transformed Sunday from a day of recreation, which it had been in Roman Catholic times, into the pious Sabbath of the Old Testament. They accepted the King James Bible, but they had the common hangman burn the *Book of Sports*, in which James I commended the games to be played after Sunday service. In Massachusetts the Puritans looked upon themselves as "saints, sacred and set apart from a wicked and persecuting world," and the struggle for existence gave force to the ban on amusements. The settlers had to work to survive, and even after they prospered, their stern code persisted. "Let others," wrote John Adams, "waste their bloom of life at the card or billiard table among rakes and fools." But John Adams played bat and ball as a boy, and loved riding and shooting and boating; he sailed for minnows and turtles, hunted birds' eggs, played with bows and arrows, made toy windmills and water mills and whirligigs. Sport grew up through Puritanism like flowers in a macadam prison yard.

In Virginia restrictive laws against sport also prevailed at first. But with the introduction of slavery, the establishment of the plantation system and the creation of a leisure class, Virginia's restrictions abated. When, in 1674, the York County court fined James Bullock, a tailor, 100 pounds of tobacco and a cask, it was not because racing was against the law but because Bullock came from the wrong class, "it being contrary to Law for a Labourer to make a race, being a sport only for Gentlemen."

The Middle Atlantic colonies, too, were more tolerant than New England. Hempstead and Salisbury Plains on Long Island were celebrated for their racing, and the British garrisons in New York and Philadelphia lent encouragement to cricket, racquets and fives. To an officer of the garrison that evacuated New York in 1783 goes the distinction of having written *The Sportsman's Companion*, the first sporting book published in America.

After the Revolution racing was the major sport. The match between Sir Henry and Eclipse, the first intersectional race in the country, attracted a crowd of more than 50,000 in New York. In 1826 William Fuller, an English boxer, introduced the science of pugilism to New York. Unfortu-

nately, boxing did not receive the upper-class blessing it had had in England, and it soon fell under the domination of Native American and Irish political factions, who used it as a battleground for settling disputes. Boxing made a great contribution to slang. Such expressions as "fan" (shortened from "fancy"), "one-two," "cheese it," "breadbasket," "pel," "even Stephen," "mug" and "where do you get that stuff?" all stem from the prize ring of Regency England.

But for the most part there was little diversion and little leisure. When Boston workmen agitated for a 10-hour day, merchants and shipowners retorted that "the habits likely to be generated by this indulgence in idleness . . . will be very detrimental to the journeymen individually and very costly to us as a community."

But here and there were glimmers of the future. James Gordon Bennett Sr., seeking readers for his penny *Herald*, published accounts of races and prizefights, and so did Benjamin Day in the *Sun*. William T. Porter began publishing the sports sheet, *Spirit of the Times*, and gave employment to Henry William Herbert, who, using the pen name of Frank Forester, became the first writer in America to earn a living writing about horses and hunting. Technology, as John R. Betts pointed out in *The Mississippi Valley Historical Review* of September 1953, was beginning to play a part in the development of sport. By the late 1830s railroads were transporting both horses and men to distant tracks. In 1852 Yale met Harvard in the first intercollegiate rowing race after the general superintendent of the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad offered free transportation to both crews to Lake Winnepesaukee, N.H.; the railroad made money on special excursion trains. Later in the century several railroads offered to transport horses or ball clubs at cost or half fare, and in the '80s and '90s lines carried canoes and bicycles at no charge. With the slogan of "Go where You can have Sport," the Bangor & Arnoostook published a big-game and fishing guide; and a rival railroad advertised, "A Correct Way of Going to Maine for Hunting and Fishing is via the Maine Central Railroad."

In books published in the early part of the 19th century one can find references to a children's game called baseball, an offshoot of English rounders (the Doubleday myth was manufactured in the early 1900s). In 1842 a group of professional men and merchants began meeting in a Manhattan lot to play, and a few years later they formed a club called the Knickerbockers. Although baseball was the club's reason for being, the Knickerbockers were, according to Harold Seymour, a historian of the early game, "primarily a social club with a distinctly exclusive flavor—somewhat similar to what country clubs represented in the 1920's and 1930's." A Knickerbocker had to have a certain standing in society, and the club used the black-ball system to screen candidates. But class lines were not rigid enough to keep the game—and all sport—from

continues

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DRY?**

**FACE
IRRITATED?**

**HANDS
CHAPPED?**



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spreading, and ability came to count more than breeding. "Baseball," Mark Twain wrote, "is the very symbol, the outward and visible expression of the drive and push and rush and struggle of the raging, tearing, booming nineteenth century." Beginning with the professionalization of baseball in 1869, sport underwent fantastic growth as the tempo of the country accelerated. Industrially, the U.S. swept from fifth place in 1840 to first in 1888. There was a noticeable shift in population from the farm toward the city, a trend complicated by the millions of immigrants from Europe. Between 1865 and 1884 alone, seven million immigrants, half of them German and Irish, entered the country, bringing with them the relaxed European Sunday that contrasted with the rigorous Puritan Sabbath. "Where is the city in which the Sabbath Day is not losing ground?" a critic asked. "To the mass of the workmen Sunday is no more than a holiday . . . it is a day for labor meetings, for excursions, for saloons, beer-gardens, baseball games and carousels." In Muncie, Ind., the typical American town dissected by the Lynds in *Middletown*, the local newspaper reported that the citizens "do not want and will not have" Sunday baseball, but a year afterward a compromise was reached: the ball game was combined with a sacred concert, "the band playing at intervals." Elsewhere Protestant churches compromised by taking up the concept of "muscular Christianity." The Young Men's Christian Association founded a training school for physical education in Springfield, Mass., and this only added to the flood. Only in the rural areas did sport languish in the Gilded Age, and one historian—Foster Rhea Dulles in *American Leavens to Play*—in part blames the lack of amusements for the agrarian discontent and Populism of the '90s. This would seem to support Parry's thesis.

The swift rise of sport between 1875 and 1900 paralleled the immense changes in American society. The Golden Age of Invention saw the appearance of the telephone, electric light, Linotype, Kodak camera, portable typewriter and the Zipper and, not entirely coincidentally, it also saw the first running of the Kentucky Derby, the introduction of lawn tennis from England, the first Harvard-Yale football game, the founding of baseball's National League, the start of Richard K. Fox's *Police Gazette*, the introduction of polo, the founding of the Appalachian Club in the East and the Sierra Club in the West, the first Westminster Kennel Club dog show, the first National Horse Show, the founding of the American Canoe Association and the National Archery Association, the reign of Heavyweight Boxing Champion John L. Sullivan (who with his size and swagger helped set the style for the American hero, sport or folk—Paul Bunyan, Dempsey, Ruth, Tarzan of the Apes, Hemingway), the start of the summer camp movement by Ernest B. Burch, the beginnings of the country club, the founding of the National Croquet Association, the first ski club, the first playground

(a pile of sand in the yard of a Boston children's mission), the first national trapshooting tournament, the founding of the Audubon Society and the Amateur Athletic Union, Walter Camp's first All-America, the first gloved championship fight, the founding of the Boone and Crockett Club (by Theodore Roosevelt, who was elected its first president), the start of the sports page (by Hearst in his war of yellow journalism with Pulitzer), the founding of the United States Golf Association, the introduction of ice hockey from Canada, the first American automobile race (sponsored by Chicago's new *Times-Herald*, eager for circulation), the opening of Madison Square Garden, the start of the Frank Merriwell saga, the founding of the Western Conference (the Big Ten), the first automobile show and the start of Davis Cup play. Perhaps there is no better numerical index to the sweep of sport than the story of A. G. Spalding & Bros. Inc., which was begun in 1876 with a capitalization of \$800. By the turn of the century Spalding's gross sales were \$5 million annually. In 1892 Spalding officials laughed when a salesman named Julian Curtiss returned with \$400 worth of golf equipment from England. But by 1900 golf had become a substantial part of Spalding's business, and the company brought Harry Vardon, the leading English pro, over for a tour to publicize the gutta-percha ball. (As befits such a tale, Curtiss later became chairman of the board.)

All in all, sport had gained sufficient place in society to begin feeding back ideas and techniques, however ephemeral. Leland Stanford bet a friend \$25,000 that all a trotter's hoofs left the ground simultaneously during its gait, and he hired an eccentric photographer named Eadweard Muybridge to prove his point. Using a battery of 24 cameras, Muybridge not only proved Stanford correct but also laid the basis for motion-picture photography. Frederick W. Taylor, the father of scientific management in business, found in golf and tennis "the value of the minute analysis of motions, the importance of methodical selection and training, the worth of time study and of standards based on rigorously exact observation." (His only lament was that American and English workmen didn't display the same fervor in the factory as they did on the athletic field.) When Marconi sought money to perfect his wireless, James Gordon Bennett Jr. paid him \$5,000 to get it ready to report the finish of the America's Cup race in 1899.

Nothing in sport made a more important contribution, social or technical, than the bicycle. The impact it had seems almost unbelievable. "It is safe to say," wrote an official of the census bureau in 1900, "that few articles ever used by man have created so great a revolution as the bicycle." Invented in primitive form in 1818 by Baron Friedrich von Drais, a Prussian forester, it attracted little attention in the U.S. until the exhibition of some improved French machines at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876. Then the craze took hold. In the late evenings Bennett Jr. wheeled around the block as his butler waited on the sidewalk, holding a bottle of brandy on a tray. A school

continued



**"NO MAN EVER
STANDS SO STRAIGHT
AS WHEN HE STOOPS
TO HELP A BOY"**

**JOIN YOUR
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with uninformed instructors taught Wall Street brokers how to pedal to band music, and Thomas Stevens of California rode a bicycle around the world. Although the Women's Rescue League warned that all lady cyclists would be invalids within a decade, Miss Frances Willard, the temperance leader, was so enthusiastic she penned *A Wheel Within a Wheel: How I Learned to Ride the Bicycle*. A magazine of the day hailed the bicycle as "a step towards the emancipation of woman from her usually too inactive indoor life." (There was truth in this remark: interest in the bicycle cut the piano trade in half.) "A few years ago," a writer reported in *Scribner's*, "no woman would dare venture on the street with a skirt that stopped above her ankles, and leggings that obviously reached to her knees. [The bicycle] has given to all American womankind the liberty of dress for which reformers have been sighing for generations."

Physicians thought there was nothing quite like the bicycle for exercise. (A number of them, including Dr. Paul Dudley White, still feel the same way.) Speaking before the New York Academy of Medicine, Dr. Gracme Hammond, Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System at the New York Post-Graduate Medical School, found the wheel of inestimable advantage in maintaining health and retarding disease. (Curiously, the '80s and '90s are the only period in which critics were not bewailing the

absence of physical fitness among Americans. The bicycle doubtless had much to do with this.)

The League of American Wheelmen, founded in 1880 by Louis Keller, publisher of the *Social Register*, and one million strong at its peak, began the campaign for good roads. By the end of the century half the states had passed legislation for improved highways.

To technology the bicycle gave the ball bearing, wire wheels, hub braking, the pneumatic tire (invented by Dr. John Dunlop, an Irish veterinarian, for his 10-year-old son) and the variable speed transmission (the basis of the automobile gearshift). The bicycle manufacturers, whose business reached \$100 million annually in the '90s, underwrote significant research in metallurgy—the metallurgical laboratory of the Pope Manufacturing Company, which developed tubular nickel steel, was the first outside the steel industry—and the manufacturers' use of mass-production methods, special-purpose machinery and interchangeable parts was of the greatest importance.

The technical advances of the bicycle stimulated progress in other fields. Orville Wright was a bicycle racer and, with his brother Wilbur, kept a shop in Dayton. Their interest overflowed into gliding, then powered flight. "We had taken up acronautics simply as a sport," they later recalled. "We reluctantly entered upon the scientific side of



it. But we soon found the work so fascinating that we were drawn into it deeper and deeper."

The bicycle played a key part in the development of the automobile. Indeed, early cars were nothing more than covered bicycles with an engine. From the bicycle manufacturers came car after car: the Looker, the Rambler, the Peerless, the Columbia and the Pierce-Arrow. They were the property of the sporting rich who formed auto clubs and talked of opening a chain of gas stations that would service only club members. As late as 1910 Americans regarded the car as a toy for the rich. "Nothing," said Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton, "has spread socialistic feeling in this country more than the use of the automobile." He called the driver "a picture of the arrogance of wealth, with all its independence and carelessness." "Nobody," said Stuyvesant Fish, "ever dreamed that the automobiles would come into general use." One man did: Henry Ford.

Ever since Charles Duryea had used a gas engine, then a radical device, to win the Chicago *Times-Herald* race in 1895, Ford had been overwhelmed by the potential of the automobile. He had ideas, and he resolved to get backing for them by winning races—"advertising," he later wrote in *My Life and Work*, "of the only kind that people care to read." In 1901 Ford challenged and beat Alexander

Winton, racing champion of the U.S. Still he was not satisfied. He now wanted to build the fastest car in the world. In 1903, with Tom Cooper, a former bicycling champion of the U.S., Ford built two racing cars, the "999" and the Arrow.

"If an automobile was going to be known for speed," Ford wrote, "then I was going to make an automobile that would be known wherever speed was known. These were, I put in four great big cylinders giving 80 H.P.—which up to that time had been unheard of. The roar of those cylinders alone was enough to half kill a man. . . . Cooper said he knew a man who lived on speed, that nothing could go too fast for him. He wired to Salt Lake City and on came a professional bicycle rider named Barney Oldfield. He had never driven a motor car, but he liked the idea of trying it. He said he would try anything once.

"It took us only a week to teach him how to drive. The man did not know what fear was. All that he had to learn was how to control the monster [the '999']. . . . It was not known how much speed a motor car could develop. No one knew better than Oldfield what the turns meant and as he took his seat, while I was cranking for the start, he remarked cheerily: 'Well, this chariot may kill me, but they will say afterward that I was going like hell when she took me over the bank.'

continued

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"And he did go. He never dared to look around. He did not shut off on the curves. He simply let that car go—and go it did. He was about half a mile ahead of the next man at the end of the race!"

"The '99' did what it was intended to do: It advertised the fact that I could build a fast motor car. A week after the race I formed the Ford Motor Company."

By the '20s the U.S. had become an urban nation. The majority of Americans were no longer tillers of the soil but workers in cities and towns. They sought release not in their daily round of activities but in watching or listening to others, at home with the radio, in a movie palace or in a stadium. It was the age of the spectator. "America is reaching back for bigness to Greece and Rome, whose fun took material form in building giant sports arenas," a writer exculted in *Collier's*. "So far we have not surpassed the ancients. But where Athens had one big stadium and Rome several, we are building them by the dozens."

Following the example set earlier by the Ivy League, colleges all over spent huge sums on huge fields. To fill these "lunar craters," as Football Coach Alonzo Stagg called them, they needed huge crowds. They got them by recruiting players. When faculties complained, *Liberty* magazine said the professors were jealous and added: "The problem is not the elimination or the restriction of football, but how long it will be before red-blooded colleges demand the elimination or restriction of those afflicted with this inferiority complex." In honor of the late Walter Camp, Yale alumni helped raise \$180,000 for a memorial gateway, but other Yale admirers of Josiah Willard Gibbs, the greatest physicist the country had produced, were unable to scratch up \$12,000 for a more modest tribute.

The spectator boom hit boxing almost as heavily as it did football. In all its previous history, boxing could boast only four \$100,000 gates. In the '20s, with Tex Rickard leading the way, it had 45, four of more than \$1 million, one of more than \$2 million.

The new device of radio added to the ballyhoo, and sport, in turn, added to radio. For the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, David Sarnoff, a young employee of RCA, patched together the first network, albeit a temporary one. Station WEAF was the first to use long-distance phone lines, piping a football game from Chicago to New York. Sport comprised a third of radio's time in the '20s, and the glut was such that a writer joked: "This is Station KDKAWX-KEAZFOW. The boys are in top notch condition and as the first ball was pitched Epinard broke clean and scored two goals on a good masbie pitch that just cleared the right-field stands and narrowly missed killing Tilden's backhand three inches from the cup when the entire Washington team was awarded to McGraw on points just as the chukker ended. Listen to the cheering!"

Spectator sport triumphed over education on the high school level. In Middletown basketball swept all before

it. The 1890 class motto had been "*Deo Duce*"; in 1924 it was "*To the Bearcats*." The city voted \$100,000 for a new gym at the same time it cut library funds to a point of inadequacy, the Lynds reported. "North Side and South Side, Catholic and Kluxer, banker and machinist—their one shout is 'Eat 'em, beat 'em, Bearcats!'"

For all the restless millions, the crazy spending and the ballyhoo, American life had lost much of the physical vigor that had cheered observers in the '90s. To be sure, golf was growing, but then Theodore Roosevelt—the advocate of "hit the line hard" and "play the game"—had once warned Taft against it as a sissy game. To the stray bicyclist in Middletown, small boys were wont to shout, "Aw, get a machine." And F. Scott Fitzgerald, who should have known, wrote: "Americans were getting soft. There were signs everywhere: we still won the Olympic games but with champions whose names had few vowels in them—teams composed, like the fighting Irish combination of Notre Dame, of fresh overseas blood. Once the French became really interested, the Davis Cup gravitated automatically to their intensity in competition. The vacant lots of the Middle-Western cities were built up now—except for a short period in school, we were not turning out to be an athletic people like the British, after all. . . . Of course, if we wanted to we could be in a minute; we still had all those reserves of ancestral vitality, but one day in 1926 we looked down and found we had flabby arms and a fat pot and couldn't say boob-boop-a-doop to a Sicilian."

The Depression and the New Deal turned the trend toward participant sport. Although in the Depression millions were out of work, the average employed worker gained added leisure time because of increased industrial efficiency, legislation and union agitation. By the end of 1939 he had one day more of leisure than he had had in 1929 and two days more than his counterpart had had in 1890. In its public works programs, the Federal Government put heavy stress on recreation facilities, spending almost \$1.5 billion by 1938. State, county and local governments added another \$500 million. The WPA built 10,000 tennis courts, 3,026 athletic fields, 2,261 horseshoe courts, 1,817 handball courts, 805 swimming pools, 318 ski trails and 254 golf courses. Federal purchase of forest lands rose from half a million acres annually to two million, and in 1934 Congress authorized the establishment of fish and game sanctuaries in the national forests for the first time. In 1934 visitors to national parks totaled six million; in 1940 the total was 20 million.

Thanks to vigorous promotion by the railroads and department stores, skiing proliferated. In January of 1931 the Boston and Maine, casting about for new business, ran the first ski special to Warner, N.H. The ultimate came a few years later when the Union Pacific spent \$4 million to build a resort at Sun Valley, Idaho, at the end of its spur line from Ketchum. Macy's set the pattern for store

promotion by installing a 57-foot-long borax slope and hiring Austrian salesmen to sell skis.

The attitude toward sport was changing. In 1934 the National Recreation Association published a study of the leisure time of 5,000 persons. The completed report noted a wide divergence between what the respondents wanted to do and what they actually did. What they did was mainly sedentary: they listened to the radio, went to the movies or read. But what they wanted to do was active: golf, swim or sail. Their desires were to come true after World War II, with increased leisure and income.

One brief statistic, on paid vacation weeks, tells much of the story behind the current boom in participant sport. In 1929 there were 17.5 million paid vacation weeks in the U.S., in 1941, 30 million; in 1947, 48.5, and in 1961, 65 million. New developments in technology—from the automatic pinsetter to the fiber-glass hull—had their impact on sport. In 1958 retail sales of sporting goods passed the \$2 billion mark. Signs of this are almost anywhere. A passenger flying north over the Mexican desert can tell when he has crossed into the U.S. by the swimming pools that begin to appear below.

Still, Americans are far from inhabiting an athletic Nirvana. The new leisure, the new sport, has its problems. Martha Wolfenstein, a sociologist at City College in New York, has discovered "fun morality," the new Puritanism. "Here," she writes, "fun, from having been suspect if not taboo, has tended to become obligatory. Instead of feeling guilty for having too much fun, one is inclined to feel ashamed if one does not have enough."

Akin to this is a compulsion to win, no matter what the game or its level of play. A common remark is, "So-and-so is a good golfer, but he doesn't take the game seriously." The competitive energy that many Americans give to business has carried over to sport. "How can you be proud of a losing team?" asked the late Jim Tatum. Another football coach, Woody Hayes of Ohio State, says, "Anyone who tells me, 'Don't worry that you lost, you played a good game anyway,' I just hate." More and more TV commercials portray, as typical Americans, successful athletes like Sam Snead and Warren Spahn and Norm Van Brocklin. Branch Rickey, who was too much of a Puritan to attend ball games on Sunday, defined his ideal player as one who "will break both your legs if you happen to be standing in his path to second base." American sport, imbued with the absolute need to win and a pervading commercialism (which doubtless stems from the business interests that have done so much to develop sport), has nothing comparable to the British maxim, "That's not cricket." Instead, many honor Leo Durocher's crack, "Nice guys finish last."

The failure of sport to foster the ideal of sportsmanship is paralleled by its failure to produce widespread physical fitness. Without asking, "Fitness for what?" various tests conducted over the years (e.g., those administered to

incoming freshman at Yale and West Point) show a decline in the physical well-being of Americans. This seems paradoxical in view of the increase in participant sport, and it has caused even President Kennedy to blame our supposed flabbiness on "spectation." But Kennedy missed the point. This is the era of participation, but it is pushbutton participation tremendously softened by technology. Instead of cycling, Americans ride in autos—from sports cars to hot rods. Instead of canoeing or rowing, they use powerboats to cross the smallest of lakes. When they golf, they ride in carts. Hunting and fishing and camping have succumbed to the pushbutton. "Roughing it," a trade magazine recently announced with pride, "now means toting collapsible tables and chairs, gasoline stoves, Polaroid sunglasses and electric blankets to the sea, streams and lakes." Underlying all this is a general physical ease of life no other civilization has approached. America has, as David Riesman remarked of the new leisure, moved from the melting pot to the casserole dish.

And what of the future? Attendance at the major spectator sports appears to have reached its limit—which has prompted the assumption that the participant sports are taking over. However, the unavoidable fact of television makes it clearly evident that the watching trend is still up; more Americans are watching more sport more often than ever before. In 1940 few Americans living outside the handful of metropolitan centers had ever seen a big league baseball game. Even fewer had ever watched professional football. The U.S. Open, the Kentucky Derby and the World Series were newspaper stories or radio broadcasts. Almost no one, except for a very few of the most privileged sportswriters, saw all of them. Today a man living a dozen miles from nowhere needs only a television set and a high antenna to see more topflight sports events in one year than Grantland Rice ever did. Of course, the "more and more" are seeing more and more of less and less: the sustained boom in televised sport has caused an inevitable centralization of spectator events; big league baseball prospers, the minor leagues die, professional and major-college football is watched by millions, schools with inferior teams give up the game.

The heightened interest in watching has produced another paradox. Participating in sport has increased concomitantly with watching probably because watching via television does away with the exhausting and time-consuming effort of traveling to and from sporting venues. Just before he settles down to watch the game of the week, the American sport fan may have finished a round of golf. Just after it he may take his family off for a run across the lake in his boat.

But the American's interest in both "spectation" and participation, coupled with his new concern for physical fitness, means that sport in America today is being utilized more than ever before. It may be at its peak. But it seems more than likely that it is really only just beginning to grow.

END

Basketball's Week

by MAURY ALLEN

A rise in spectator interest and the fall of some favorites in holiday tournaments marked the first week of shakedown before the start of college conference races. The list of unbeaten major schools was down to four—Ohio State, Villanova, Mississippi State and Seton Hall—with the Buckeyes and once-beaten Cincinnati moving away from the field as the class teams of the year.

THE EAST

Cincinnati's Bearents mopped up New York's Holiday Festival with preliminary wins over St. John's and LaSalle and then beat an undermanned but spirited Wisconsin team 101-71 in the finals. NIT champion Providence lost games and prestige in the tournament when the Friars' two post men, Jim Hadnot and John Thompson, got their combined 164 inches of muscle tangled under the boards and viewed the team's attack. St. Louis-ventures moved up by knocking De Paul from the unbeaten 70-60, with talented sophomore Miles Aiken on the bench. Aiken was grounded by Bonnie Coach Larry Wescio for reporting late after the Christmas break. Villanova advanced to a 10-0 mark with a convincing victory over nationally third-ranked Dequesne as senior Hubie White and sophomore George Leftwich combined for 43 points. Temple's fiery Bruce Driscoll collected 28 points and a most-valuable-player award as leading the Owls to an 85-67 victory over Miami of Florida and the championship of the Hurricane Classic.

THE SOUTH

Before a packed house in Atlanta, Charlie Lee of Rhode Island made history. The Negro Ram star competed in the first non-segregated collegiate athletic contest in Georgia, proudly opening the way for the acceptance of Negro players on southern teams. Oglethorpe, the host team, beat the Yankee Conference champions 64-47. Kentucky breezed past Yale 79-58 and began to look like another Adolph Rupp powerhouse. W. D. Stroud's jump shot, with three seconds to go, saved SEC titlist Mississippi State in the Sugar Bowl as the Bulldogs edged Maryland 64-62. Sophomore whiz Bucky Keller scored 30 points to lead VPI to a 78-69 win over Florida for the Gator Bowl crown. Using as many as four sophomores as starters, Duke passed Wake Forest as ACC leader. Art Heyman shuttled between front court and backcourt, combined

with newcomer Jeff Mullins to give the Blue Devils two potent (average: 46.9) weapons.

THE MIDWEST

Big Ten teams, emulating their football brethren, collected laurels all over the country. Wisconsin's Badgers, led by the whirling figure of Ron Jackson, beat Dayton's prosed Flyers 105-93 in New York. Ohio State in general, and Jerry Lucas in particular, captured the Los Angeles Classic. Illinois beat Manhattan 61-56 behind Center Bill Burwell's clutch baskets in Chicago, and Iowa whipped Ivy contender Penn 72-64 in Philadelphia. Northwestern stayed at home, was pushed in an overtime by Princeton, but won on Ralph Wells's goal in the last five seconds. The Big Eight did not do so well. Kansas State looked shaky in the K.C. competition before beating steep Missouri 62-57. The Tigers tamed Hank Iba's Oklahoma State team 60-44 before bowing to K-State. In the oddball game of the week, St. Louis broke a four-game losing streak with a 60-foul triumph over Notre Dame. 81-72 John Benington's Billikens used a full-court press because, Benington said, "The kids don't have time to think and tighten up when they press." The refs hit Benington with a technical foul for calling one of their decisions "chintzy," and Center Garry Garrison with another "for stepping on an Irish player." Said losing ND Coach Johnny Jordan: "The game set basketball back 50 years."

THE SOUTHWEST

In the oldest of the holiday scrambles, Bowling Green played Jack the Giant Killer with an upset of fifth-ranked Wichita at the 26th annual All-College Tournament at Oklahoma City. The Falcons then played an ultra-conservative game in the finals, came back from a seven-point deficit at the half and beat Houston 47-45. Texas Western coasted to the Sun Carnival title at El Paso with an easy defensive win, 73-55, over New Mexico. At Lubbock, Texas, in a preview of the Cotton Bowl football match-up, Texas beat Mississippi 87-71, then overwhelmed William and Mary 84-71. Making it an SWC sweep, Texas Tech beat W&M 91-70 and Ole Miss 95-70, with 6-foot-10 Harold Hudgens getting 28 points and 20 rebounds in 26 minutes of action. Arkansas beat Clemson for its seventh straight, and SMU took St. Louis 63-53. Said Mustang Coach Doc Hayes of the now-popular pressing de-

fenses: "You've got to have plenty of speed for that sort of thing. I'm wondering who vaccinated those teams with that needle."

THE WEST

With an improved Billy McGill shooting at a 38-point clip and the four other players serving as ammunition carriers, Utah may be the best in the Rockies. The Redskins took third place in the Los Angeles Classic by beating UCLA 88-79. Utah State gets its chance Saturday in a family feud with Utah as the Skyline race opens for both teams. In one of their four meetings, Montana stopped Montana State College 69-61, with pint-sized Guard Ray Lujan scoring 18 for the Grizzlies. Traveling California teams had a terrible Christmas season, a road record of three wins and 21 defeats, and endless complaints about "hometown referees." Said John Arndt, Loyola athletic director: "I guess the way to beat the officials on the road is to take a hometown hero with you. We had Ed Bemo [from Honolulu] with us when we went to Hawaii, and the referees were asking him if the officiating suited him." Loyola beat the University of Hawaii three times.

END

FLYING BEARCAT, Cincinnati Center Paul Hogue, seen in New York's Holiday Festival



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19TH HOLE THE READERS

THE BOYS

Sirs:

Your article on the Philadelphia Eagles
(*The Day the Boys Scared the Men*, Dec. 18)
will just about do it between me and SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED.

Roy Terrell has no business calling a
world championship team a bunch of
"boys." You just don't say things like this.

BILL STAPP

Boulder, Colo.

Sirs:

I was at that game and, unlike the people
who knew all along that "the Giants were
never in danger of losing," I considered the
Eagles a better team that was robbed of a
victory by some tough and disposable calls.

MICHAEL E. BRATMAN

Philadelphia

Sirs:

If those people in the green shirts were
boys, I move that Roy ("Roy-boy") Terrell
be appointed a committee of one to investi-
gate the possibility of lowering the draft
age to 12.

RICHARD BOND JR.

New Haven, Conn.

Sirs:

Stupid, foolish, incompetent, pathetic.
BILL ZAVESKA

Fairview, N.J.

Sirs:

The first account of the game which put
it in its true perspective.

WILLIS K. SILVER

Philadelphia

● Roy Terrell was not the only expert
who thought the Eagles as a team played
far beyond their capacities as individuals.
In picking their 22-man All-Pro
teams for the year both the AP and UPI
found only one Eagle, Sonny Jurgensen,
good enough to make the grade (five
Giants made it). —ED.

ALL (MOST)-AMERICA

Sirs:

You say that All-America team selections
are getting "cynousier" and cite Rutgers'
Alex Kroll as a specific example (SPORTS
CARD, Dec. 18).

I wonder if you noticed that in a league
dominated by Rutgers the All-Conference
team was dominated by players from Le-
high, Delaware, Bucknell and Lafayette

This would indicate that the coaches in the
Middle Atlantic Conference who supposed-
ly selected the team are either lousy judges
or pretty poor coaches. With such an army
of All-Conference material, they should
have beaten Rutgers easily.

JIM VAN VLIET

Bethlehem, Pa.

Sirs:

At Rutgers football is a part of Rutgers
not Rutgers a part of football; the All-
Americans they get deserve all the credit at
the world for being able to make it at a
college that is not highly publicized. Alex
Kroll is indeed one of these men.

RICHARD W. HUSE

Interlaken, N.J.

Sirs:

You neglected to mention that Rutgers is
leaving the conference with the conclusion
of this football season.

BURT R. MANHORN

Livingston, N.J.

PEOPLE

Sirs:

Recently you mentioned my opposition
to the AAU (*Observer with a Basketball*,
Nov. 27). It is true that I feel the AAU to be
obsolete in structure and on the national
level to be inadequate in personnel and policy.
However, I do not advocate the end of
the AAU but the formation of separate
national sport federations, as is the world
pattern. In these federations the AAU could
be represented with authority proportionate
to its activity in the particular sport.

There are many dedicated people who have
contributed much to American sport while
serving and working with the various state
AAU associations. I feel they should be
commended and not suffer from the errors
of the national and international AAU policy.
The new federations will welcome and
need the continued assistance of these
sportsmen.

JIM MCGREGOR, National Coach
Basketball Federation of Peru
Barranquilla, Colombia

Sirs:

As you undoubtedly know, Coach Jim
McGregor is bringing the Peruvian National
Basketball team to this country this week
for a two-month tour of the U.S. (including
Alaska) and Canada. We of the People-to-
People Sports Committee have helped them
line up a series of games with various col-
leges, universities and municipal depart-

TAKE OVER

ments of recreation. The team is scheduled to play four games in the New York area from January 19 to 27, one of which will be against an all-star team from the Senior Recreation League of Livingston, N.J.

This same Livingston team played host to a university basketball team from Ecuador a couple of years ago and subsequently was invited to represent the U.S. in an international tournament staged in Ecuador. One reason for this, we believe, is that the citizens of Livingston housed the Ecuador team at their own homes, and this established a much more cordial relationship than was possible in other communities where they were housed in commercial facilities.

EDWARD P. F. EAGAN
Chairman, People-to-People
Sports Committee, Inc.

New York City

WHEN GOAL TO GO?

Sirs:

A supplement to Mr. Chet Andrews' letter entitled "Slide-Rule Goals" (19TH HOLE, Dec. 11):

There are 16 seconds to play. Baltimore leads New York 10-7, and the Giants have possession of the ball on their own 24-yard line. Title has Shofner with a flat pass, and he breaks away. But Baltimore's secondary is after him. Now Shofner has only these trivial alternatives on his mind:

1) Slip and fall (on purpose) just before the 40-yard line and go for the win with a four-point field-goal attempt.

2) Take a chance and go for all the cookies with a touchdown.

3) Change running price so the defender can null him after the 40-yard line but before the 20-yard line so that the Giants can try for a tie.

4) Keep going, and get as many yards as possible so that his total-yards-gained record will look good at next year's contract time and the hell if he's downed inside the 20-yard line, thus necessitating a two-point try.

Thus he must figure in less than 10 seconds, while racing down the field with the payoff peller in his arm and a ton of muscle bent on crashing him at the earliest opportunity.

I say leave the field goal status quo.

C. A. NEBAUER

Greensboro, N.C.

Sirs:

The drawback is that the defensive team might purposely allow the team in control of the ball to gain yardage to get inside the

continued



When your wheels are off the road ...

you can't control your car!

YOU BET YOUR LIFE ON YOUR SHOCK ABSORBERS. Bouncing wheels are a sign of worn shock absorbers . . . and potential danger. When shocks wear out, steering becomes erratic and your car will sway badly on curves. **Monro-Matic®** shock absorbers do far more than just cushion your ride. They hold your wheels firmly on the road—even when you hit a sizeable bump or rut—to stabilize your car and prevent loss of control. *Play it safe.* If your present shocks have seen more than 20,000 miles service, replace them with Monro-Matic shock absorbers for the ultimate in control, comfort and safety. **60-day free ride plan guarantees you complete satisfaction.**



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19TH HOLE continued

two-point range, while the offensive team might purposely make only the minimum gain in order to stay in the three-point range.

DON ANTHONY

Dayton, N.J.

Sirs:

Chet Andrews of Spencer, Iowa must be nuts! Why should a football team be penalized for moving the ball inside its opponent's 20-yard line? The way Andrews thinks field goals should be treated, a team that moves the ball only a few yards can get four points, while one that moves the ball almost the whole length of the football field gets only two. This is unfair!

HOWIE DAWSON

Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.

GOODBY, GOODBY

Sirs:

As a longtime student of *Pittsirn Island* history, I was most interested in Gilbert Wheat's recent article, *Legacy of the Moway* (Nov. 20). However, what particularly caught my eye was Wheat's closing remark: "At a signal from the longboat captain they all stood up and sang us a song of farewell." I have read about the *Pittsirn Island* farewell song before but have never been able to find the words to it. Can you tell me what they are?

C. C. DEWEY

New York City

● Thanks to noted CBS Broadcaster Bill Leonard—we can. Since communication with *Pittsirn Island* is always difficult and uncertain by regular channels, one of our editors sought the help of Leonard, a tireless shortwave radio ham (SI, June 30, 1958). In his 30 years of hamming, Leonard had been in contact with *Pittsirn Island* only once, but he applied himself eagerly to the task. At 3 o'clock of a Sunday morning some three months later Leonard was awakened by a collect phone call from a ham in Boston who told him *Pittsirn's* ham, Floyd McCoy, was trying to reach him. (It was then only 11 p.m. Saturday, *Pittsirn* time.) Leonard made contact and, in an hour-long chat, learned that McCoy had been off the air for several months awaiting the arrival of a new transmitter from the U.S. During the conversation Leonard jotted down the words to the *Pittsirn Island* Goodbye Song as composed in 1900 by Miss Rouseline Young, a teacher at *Pittsirn's* main school. Here they are:

Now one last song we'll sing:
Goodbye, goodbye.



RADIOMAN BILL LEONARD

I move on rapid wing.

Goodbye, goodbye

And this short year will soon be past,
Will soon be numbered with the last,
But as we part to all we'll say,

Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye

But as we part to all we'll say,

Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye

We gather now to say,

Goodbye, goodbye

We can no longer stay;

Goodbye, goodbye

Thanks for your love and constant care

And kindness that we daily share;

We part but hope to meet again

Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye

We part but hope to meet again

Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.

—ED.

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(continued from front flap of this insert)

Syracuse game. But I'm like Notre Dame. We just take it as it goes along. We're not giving it back."



At Dinner
SI Award Winner
Accepts Trophy
from Publisher
Sidney L. James

Then, speaking seriously, he said, "I see a close relationship between sports and our national life . . . We should, as a country, emphasize this most important part of life—the opportunity to exercise, to participate in physical activity.

"No one knew this better than the men of Greece to whom our civilization owes so much. The Greeks sought excellence. The same people who produced the poetry of Homer, the wisdom of Plato and Aristotle, also produced the Olympic Games.

"The Greeks understood that mind and body must develop in harmonious proportions to produce a creative intelligence. We (in this country) can combine and must combine intellectual energy and physical vitality."

Of particular interest to me, as it is every year, was the array of notable names and faces, business men, statesmen, lawyers, doctors, here in New York from all corners of the land, assembled in "the pledge of fellowship," to quote the above-mentioned Hovey again—and to honor a great American game. Here—in the hard-muscled flesh—was probably as distinguished a gathering as could be found at any given dinner in the United States. Included, of course, were many of our own SI Silver Anniversary award winners. Almost to a man, those gathered embodied for me what I like to call the "executive sportsman" (the kind of man who almost by definition is a devotee of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED).

* * *

That such "executive sportsmen" not only make a glittering audience for a Presidential speech, but also a fine "audience" for many SI-advertised products was pointed up a few weeks ago when two of our stalwart Chicago salesmen, Bill "Eddie" Kelly and Bob "Baron von" Dillingham flew to a Cessna convention in St. Louis. They manned a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED booth in which Cessna salesmen competed in identifying airplanes—and (conventions being conventions) donned old-time flying suits and led Cessna's "Dawn Patrol" parade



(continued on back page)

(continued from preceding page)

through the early morning streets of St. Louis. One of the speakers at the meeting niftily underlined their sales story for them when he referred to "businessmen-sportsmen" as his own A-O-Kest prospects for new Cessna models.

It should be obvious that high among the buyers of business aircraft are those men of affairs who are also hunters of the moose, pursuers of the marlin, or even watchers of the bird.

* * *

Reading the other day that Mickey Mantle and the Yankees had amicably gotten together on a figure of \$85,000, I was again reminded how sport and business have a habit of combining to the benefit of everybody. Not only does the combination yield an active, heavy-buying quality market, but it also makes an effective team for advertising, selling and merchandising. If you can get your chain-of-sales command—your salesmen, branch managers, wholesalers, retailers, dealers and representatives—to accept, enthuse over, work with, and sell with your advertising promotion campaigns, you're already half-way down the pike.

Our good advertisers, the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, promoted their latest campaign to their district managers by giving them a banquet in Akron a short while ago, using the world of sport as embodied in its celebrated performers. Keith Morris, who heads up our Special Events Department, arrived at the festivities with such stars as Olympic skaters Carol Heiss and Hayes Jenkins, the Cleveland Browns' Jimmy Brown, Ray Renfro and Milt Plum, the Yankees' Clete Boyer and the Reds' Bob Purkey, trick golfer Paul Hahn, girl tennis star Karol Fageros, and, for his main speaker, that well-known catcher-in-the-wry, Joe Garagiola. Action films were narrated by the stars themselves, and, after a sports quiz contest, prizes were passed out by Karol Fageros. With Karol, who needs a prize?



To quote Goodyear's Dealer Department Manager, H. L. Hayward: "I know you could tell how enthusiastically our people responded to the sports program." Said O. E. Miles, Vice President of Goodyear, "I heard a lot of fine comments the next morning,"—and those morning-after comments we like best. They're the true test.

* * *

Well, for those of you who may have gotten into the habit of reading the last paragraph of these memos first (assuming that if I ever have anything to say, this is my last chance to say it), I'd like to summarize: The 60's, it seems, are at last starting to go like sixty. New evidence is everywhere of the contribution of sport and the leisure, outdoor life to our economy. America's important men, beginning with our President himself, affirm the importance of leading a life of fitness and physical activity. Sport and its participants lead to new marketing and sales activity.

So come on, 1962! What are we waiting for?

Pete Collaway



To women who love men who love sharp cheddar!

It's a wise lass who brings her lad Mac Laren's, the aged club cheddar that's magnificently sharp. Mac Laren's is made of *natural* cheese (not processed). "Club" means aged cheddars have been blended so they're *spreadable*. That able Scots-Canadian, Alex Mac Laren, created this cheese in

1891. It is, we believe, the oldest brand of cheddar sold in North America. Now—with all the quality of auld—it's here for all sharp cheese-lovers in handy 10-oz. sticks. If you insist on cooking with it, we'll send you the Mac Laren's Gourmet Recipe leaflet. Kraft Foods, Department (SI), Chicago.



Canadian-born in 1891,
mighty sharp and
spreadable



AFTER HOURS. When day is done and your Skylark calls, get set for wonderful things. The minute you escape into its magic world, you're free of the bonds of the ordinary. As you sit in its inviting bucket seat interiors* or admire the Landau lines of its roof (available with smart fabric overlay*). As you challenge the wind with its exciting Aluminum V-8—the Skylark is pure joy. But it's a limited edition car, so make your move now. Buick Motor Division. *Optional at extra cost.

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